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TWO {SIXPENCE.
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PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS TO CARDINAL MANNING BY THE JEWISH COMMUNITY OF ENGLAND.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

A literary journal recommends the practice of reading aloud "for the winter months." It impresses, we are told, the beauties of the poet on the mind, engraves historical incidents on the memory, and "does a number of other things to a number of other things"; but we are not told what it does to the people who have to listen to it. Nothing, also, is said as regards the effects of the habit upon the reader himself. These are often permanent. A man cannot get rid of the passion for reading aloud when he has once given way to it. One might as well recommend dram-drinking "for the winter months." Indeed, dram-drinking, though more deleterious to the drinker, and even perhaps to the immediate members of his family, is less widespread in its disastrous consequences; for the person who thinks he has a talent for elocution will read aloud to everybody. Like Attila (another Goth), he spares neither sex nor age; every weapon comes handy to him; he does not care what he reads aloud, so long as he is reading. Milton and Mark Twain will equally serve his turn, and, if there is no book, he will read the newspaper to you. I know no social inflection that is so embarrassing to a delicate mind. The man of robust intelligence can, of course, put a stop to it at once. "I hate being read aloud to," he exclaims, "even by a person who can read"; but we are not all of us either robust or intelligent. Like the wedding-guest buttonholed (perhaps because of the wedding) by the Ancient Mariner, we listen with a sickly air of pretended interest, which would move any other fellow-creature but an elocutionist to pity. He thinks we are softly echoing his dreadful words, when we are murmuring to ourselves, "Good luck! will he never, never have done?" The most terrible punishment that Sydney Smith could devise was the being "preached to death by wild curates"; but preaching must come to an end, whereas reading aloud does not, so long as the book holds out; when our torturer, as likely as not, takes up another volume. "Since you liked that so well, I'll read you a companion work." The idea of civility costing nothing in such cases is monstrous: it costs a great deal, and offers a premium of the highest kind to rudeness. On the other hand—so gracious is kindly nature—this infliction mitigates at least one calamity. When frost and snow (for the winter months are, indeed, the best season for catching his prey) are aggravated by the man who reads aloud, it is pleasant to be able to say, as he approaches, with the open book in his hand and a smile upon his wicked face, "It robs me of a treat indeed; but, unhappily, I am as deaf as a post."

It is pleasant to see how, when a wanton attack is made upon a profession supposed to be defenceless, half a dozen swords or more will leap from their scabbards. It is the same with races, for whom, however objectionable, somebody will be always found to say a good word. It was supposed for many days that the ruthless assault made of late upon the habits and nature of guinea-pigs would pass without contradiction. Their adherents were certainly slow and supine, or, possibly, it may have been supposed that the other class of guinea-pig—the City genus—had been attacked, in which case the least said about them by their friends, it was obvious, would be the better. At last an advocate of guinea-pigs up and spoke. So far from being "without character," he said, they had got too much of it, because, unhappily, some of it is bad. As for *esprit de cœur*, they were full of it: if any of his little favourites should show so little grit as their adversary described, the others would have exclaimed, "You are not half a guinea-pig!" and have turned him out of the hutch. A schoolboy wrote to state that his guinea-pigs loved him, and received his caresses with "a delightful squeak." Others maintained that (though not spotless) the charges that had been made against them were frivolous and vexatious, and must be withdrawn. Then the original slanderer, frightened as a schoolboy by the cry of "Cave!" (which is the alias of this maligned little creature), made a rather lame apology. What he had written in haste of all cavies, he said, applied only to the Peruvian species—a genus, one may conclude, he thought to be extinct. So far from this being the case, a lady has now entered the lists with him who has "forty or fifty guinea-pigs, all Peruvian," and all full of dash and go. They "vary as much in character as human beings," she says, "some being very affectionate and amiable, while others"—and it is clear that she has here got the slanderer of their race in her eye—"will take a piece out of your finger without the slightest provocation." It is not likely, after this, that we shall hear anything more against guinea-pigs: let me suggest the dormouse as a safer subject for obloquy. From the impunity with which it was ill-treated, at a famous tea-party, by the March Hare and the Hatter, it must have few friends.

Lord Coleridge has stated from the judgment-seat that he "does not recognise the word 'lunch'"—which cannot certainly arise from his not having met with it often enough—but he doubtless recognises the thing. A man who does not eat lunch may be a good fellow, but *prima facie* he arouses suspicion; he may even have a healthy appetite, and, since he has taken an immense breakfast, is really not ready for another meal, but the chances are against that charitable view. He may only have had "a glass of green curaçoa and a pickled walnut" for a first repast, and be just as unequal to the second, which resolves itself into a cup of coffee dashed with cognac. This sort of man says "he reserves himself for dinner," by which he means for after-dinner. He has really no appetite whatever, but only a drinkitite. The man who is (otherwise) healthy, and only takes a biscuit (generally, however, a wine biscuit) at the midday meal, eats too much at his dinner, and afterwards, like the boa-constrictor, becomes lethargic. Lord Alvanley wittily said, indeed, that luncheon was a reproach to one's breakfast, and an insult to one's dinner; but everyone knows who has read the annals of the Dandies what sort of livers they had. If you

turn night into day, get up at noon, and cannot eat your breakfast, it is easy to say, "I never eat luncheon"—which, indeed, if we are to be so very particular in our language, ought to be "nuncheon." Among business men, he who never eats lunch is not the man for *my* money, though he would doubtless get it if I gave him the chance. He may be harmless enough, but somehow one labels him "dangerous," like a man at a whist dinner-party who only drinks water. He may be good for a partner, but not for an opponent. After three or four hours' hard work, a properly constituted mind surely inclines to unbend a little, if it be but for twenty minutes, in company with a friend and a chop. One has known men go from eight to eight without breaking their fast, but we all know the profession to which they belong, and who pays for their dinner.

It is strange how practical are the methods to which matters, formerly supposed to be out of the range of proof, are now subjected. Among the objections to the Pentateuch raised by the late Bishop of Natal was that he thought it impossible for the people in the valley to hear the curses and the blessings read from Mounts Ebal and Gerizim. This has now been practically tested. From a party touring in Palestine, two Sects were (somewhat cynically) selected to give the curses from one mountain, and two Welshmen to give the blessings from the other. The result has been eminently satisfactory to the cause of orthodoxy, for what was said on both sides was distinctly audible to those below: on the other hand, the feelings of the casual passenger, in ignorance of the reason of what was taking place around him, seem not to have been sufficiently taken into consideration.

The master of a great school has published a sermon against lying, which, if founded on fact, will destroy the illusion, as old as "Tom Brown's Schooldays," that truth is thought as highly of by our boys as among the Persians. This gentleman thinks that the picture of the average schoolboy horror-struck at the boy who lies is rather highly coloured, and even goes so far as to say that downright barefaced lying is at least as common among boys as among men. This is shocking. It is true that even at Eton the existence of an eleventh commandment, "Tell a lie; tell a good one; and stick to it!" was at one time more than suspected. But that was a long time ago. It is understood that we have changed all that, and that the boy is now father to the man, in the sense of being a moral example to him; that the influence of "the tone" has permeated to all classes of juveniles, and their natures have become delicate and highly strung to an almost angelic degree. Two of them the other day, convicted of trying to upset a railway train—obviously the result of mere *gaîté de cœur*—were sentenced by a brutal magistrate to be flogged, whereupon a cry was very naturally raised by persons of sentiment against such a barbarous punishment as being "degrading" to the young gentlemen. Is it possible that this schoolmaster would persuade us that "boys will be boys," in the vulgar sense of their being very much what they used to be?

A Bill has been introduced into the French Chamber for the taxation of titles. Even the monosyllabic *de* before a name is to cost its proprietor twenty pounds a year; a Baron will have to pay two hundred; a Marquis, twelve hundred; a Duke, two thousand; and a Prince, four thousand, with an extra six thousand if he desires to be addressed as "Your Highness." This seems a little stiff. If the system spreads to England, it will dispose of the question as to whether the professors of literature should be decorated with titles of honour. Men of letters might be mentioned in the *Gazette* one year, but not so favourably in the next. "The title of Knighthood conferred upon that accomplished writer Sir Waverley Pen has been cancelled, from his inability to pay the annual dues (£10 10s.)." This would be very sad. The only way out of it would be to give "these people" (as Palmerston called them) fanciful titles, not in Burke, and unknown to the Commissioners of Taxes. If a poet or a novelist desired to be addressed as "Your Transparency" (my own personal ambition), he might be permitted to enjoy that pleasure for a nominal sum—say twopence yearly. Many great estates are held at a less fee.

In the *Magazine of Art* there is a capital paper by William Black upon the illustrating of books from the author's point of view. He ought to know something of his subject; and it is pleasant to note that, upon the whole, he is well satisfied with his illustrators: but then he has had good ones. This is generally the case with our most popular writers. All they have reasonably to complain of is that the artist sometimes borrows what best "lends itself to illustration" rather than borrowing from the book. "My dear fellow," wrote the most admirable of figure-drawers to his novelist, "I have done my best with your confounded characters, but they never do anything." The criticism was just, but rather hard upon the author, who was a sensation-novelist, and, for the first time in his life, had tried his hand upon a domestic story. I once wrote a curdling romance myself, excellent, no doubt, in many ways, but especially remarkable for its pictorial cover, which represented a young person being pitched headlong from a tower, and was equally attractive whichever way you held the book. It has still a considerable sale at the railway stations, which the artist persists in attributing to his genius instead of mine. I was once witness to an interview between an indignant lady novelist and her illustrator, who had placed her man of business on a lawn-tennis ground, as being a more picturesque locality than his office—but that, as Mr. Kipling says, is "another story," and too painful for narration, as the artist (which did not seem probable at the time) is still alive.

I am old enough to remember when the story-teller, and especially the poet, used to illustrate the artist. All the old gorgeous gift-books were got up in this topsy-turvy fashion,

and, later, the cheap magazines. A proof of the picture was sent to the bard with a few words inside the envelope: "Wanted, as letterpress for enclosed, twenty-four lines by first post," or "Narrative not to exceed three columns, by Thursday." It was a great strain upon the sentimental emotions, for the subjects were almost always amorous. Lovers tiffing (not dining, of course, but quarrelling); lovers plighting troth; lovers committing double suicides. Sometimes they were comic. Lovers parting, with an old riddle underneath (Why is love like a wig? Because the worst part about it is the parting), which had to be amplified by the *raconteur*. In those days neither authors nor artists were so "devoted to art": art was devoted, and even sacrificed, to them.

The last acquisition to the aviary of the Zoo is the bee-eater, which, we are told, is "fed with humble-bees, which he carefully pinches before swallowing." The same informant tells us that the bird is not afraid of their sting. Through ignorance, perhaps, rather than intrepidity, neither am I, because I have been always under the impression that humble-bees had no stings. However, as the bee-eater also eats wasps, he must really have courage, and I think it ought to be utilised. There are plenty of bee-eaters in foreign parts, it seems, and why should they not be acclimatised and domesticated? Not once, but half a dozen times during the last summer, have I seen dinner-parties totally disorganised by the appearance of a wasp. Combative but unintelligent persons rise and attempt to fight it with a spoon, or even a knife and fork; the more sagacious adopt the old device of the Roman *retiararius*, with their dinner-napkin. The prudent withdraw their chairs, and endeavour (with success) to look as if they had no attractions in the way of sweetness. The devotional murmur an aspiration that the creature may settle on somebody on the opposite side of the table. The selfish hasten to transfer all objects of temptation from their own plate to that of their neighbours. But no human being knows how to catch that wasp, or, privately, is not a prey to fear. Now, a few bee-eaters, which I am told are very pretty birds, and would be an ornament to any dinner-table, trained to hover over it, would put a stop to these scenes, which mar Society in its highest aspect, and are humiliating to human nature. If they could be taught to hum—perhaps they do hum—it would be an additional advantage, since no one would then notice when conversation was flagging.

There is no malady of the human frame for the effects of which so many excuses are made—and very properly made—as for the gout. Even persons who have never had it, but have seen its ravages in others, admit that "swear-words" are less unpardonable in its victims than in others, and that even the casting of missile weapons at a venture (provided they do not hit them) is excusable. "He has the gout!" is, with all honest and intelligent persons, a defence for most "overt acts," and renders the gravest retaliation for what, under other circumstances, would be considered insufficient provocation—such as treading on your toe—a justifiable homicide. Curiously enough, for rheumatism—which is only "one turn of the rack less"—no such allowance has hitherto been made. It is, therefore, satisfactory to find that the law, usually so resentful of human weakness, has recognised this inconsistency. A young man has been prosecuted by the authorities for not assisting the police in the execution of their duties. He declined to help what I believe is called "a copper" in conveying two ladies, elevated by liquor, to the station-house. The supineness of the public in strengthening the hands of Order is notorious and deplorable, but it seems injudicious to have chosen this particular incident as a test case. To raise a hand against lovely woman in "trouble" is an ordeal from which man (unmarried) well may shrink. The young gentleman in question did not help the woman, but (as in the case of Providence and the Bear) neither did he help the policeman. He did not, however, found his defence upon the natural and meritorious instinct of gallantry. "I could not lift my hand," he said, "against these ladies, because—I had the rheumatism in the shoulder." The magistrate mechanically rubbed his arm, and at once dismissed the case.

CARDINAL MANNING AND THE JEWS.

On Thursday, Oct. 30, a deputation representing the Jews of the United Kingdom waited on Cardinal Manning at his residence, Archbishop's House, Vauxhall Bridge-road, and presented him with an address of congratulation on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. The presentation took place in the Audience Chamber. The deputation was headed by the Rev. Dr. Adler (Acting Chief Rabbi), followed by the Lord Mayor and the other signatories of the address. Among those present were the Roman Catholic Bishops of Plymouth, Clifton, Liverpool, Portsmouth, and Southwark. Mgr. Gilbert, Canon Johnson, the Rev. K. Vaughan, and Mgr. Cahill. The address was read by Dr. Adler, who acknowledged the labours of Cardinal Manning in the cause of charity, his zeal for the principle of religious education, and his efforts to improve the condition of the labouring classes, but said that the Jews were most grateful to him for his endeavours, in 1881 and 1882, to procure relief for the Jewish victims of persecution, driven out of Russia, who then came to London. The Lord Mayor (Sir Henry Isaacs), Mr. Sebag Montefiore, Sir Julian Goldsmid, and Sir John Simon briefly spoke to the same effect; and Cardinal Manning replied, expressing his great esteem for the character of the Jewish community in England, and returning thanks for their kindness to him personally upon this occasion.

The Queen has consented to become the patron of the Berks Archaeological and Architectural Society, which was founded in the year 1840, and recently attained its jubilee. Her Majesty has sent £5 as a donation to the society.

The Bishop of Dover performed his first public official act by reopening Coldred Church, Dover, which has been restored. The edifice is remarkable for its antiquity, having been erected in Saxon times. It is dedicated to St. Pancras, and stands within the area of an ancient fortified British town. At the conclusion of the ceremony the Right Rev. Prelate and a party were entertained by the Countess of Guilford at Waldershare Park.

THE CITY AND SOUTH LONDON RAILWAY.

On Tuesday, Nov. 4, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales formally opened the new underground electric railway, three miles and a quarter in length, from a point in King William-street, City, near the Monument, passing under the Thames to the Borough, the Elephant and Castle, and Kennington, and on to Stockwell, which has been constructed on a novel method, designed by Mr. Greathead, M.I.C.E., in the form of two circular iron tunnels, 10 ft. in diameter, driven through the London clay, and about 60 ft. below the surface.

The Prince of Wales, with his son the Duke of Clarence, was at the City terminus in King William-street a few minutes after twelve o'clock, and was conducted to one of the hydraulic lifts, by which he descended the circular shaft till the platform was reached. The Prince, with a gold key, switched on the electric current before entering the train. A rapid passage was made to the Kennington Oval Station, where he made a minute inspection of the station, lifts, and the various modern appliances with which the station is fitted. Then came the run to Stockwell, at which station, the present terminus, his Royal Highness was received by a guard of honour, furnished by the mounted infantry troop of the 4th West Surrey Regiment. A carriage, escorted by a mounted guard, conveyed the Royal party to the dépôt in the Clapham-road. Among those accompanying the Prince, or who had assembled to greet him, were the Duke of Westminster, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Thurlow, the Earl of Cork, the Lord Mayor, with Sheriff Harris and Sheriff Farmer, Sir J. Coode, Sir F. Abel, Sir F. Bramwell, Sir J. Fowler, Sir B. Baker, Sir E. J. Reed, Sir H. Tyler, and Mr. C. G. Mott and other directors of the company. The Prince and about 250 guests were entertained at a luncheon.

This new railway provides South Londoners with an expeditious and economical means of reaching the City from the Clapham-road, or from the intermediate stations close to Kennington Oval, at New-street, Kennington Park-road, at the Elephant and Castle, and opposite St. George's Church in the Borough. The service of trains will probably be at the first every five minutes, but there is reason to believe that, should the traffic justify it, the departures each way will take place at two-minute intervals. Including stoppages, the rate of travelling will be about fifteen miles an hour. Westinghouse brakes are fitted to the trains, and the gradients of the

chairman, and Messrs. C. S. Grenfell, S. Hanbury, A. Hubbard, and W. Robinson are directors of the company.

A scheme to work this railway by electricity, to avoid the use of steam and its noxious results, or the use of rope traction, with slow speed and other disadvantages, was submitted to the company by Messrs. Mather and Platt, engineers, Manchester. The company accepted the scheme, which is entirely original in its main features, though based upon the experience obtained by Dr. Edward Hopkinson, a partner of the above firm, in the construction of the Bessbrook and Newry Narrow Gauge Electrical Railway in Ireland. The contract for the carrying out of the whole scheme designed by Messrs. Mather and Platt was committed to that firm. They have employed Messrs. John Fowler and Company, of Leeds, to supply the boilers and engines to work the dynamos for generating the current of electricity; also Messrs. Byer, Peacock, and Company, to construct the framework of their electrical locomotives. The whole electrical plant has been carried out under the special superintendence of Dr. Edward Hopkinson, of the firm of Messrs. Mather and Platt. Dr. John Hopkinson has acted throughout as consulting engineer, and Mr. G. A. Grindle as resident engineer. Mr. C. E. Spagnoletti is consulting electrician.

A number of small tramways, both on the Continent and in the United Kingdom, have been worked electrically, and in the United States many of the street tramways are worked in this way, but it has not hitherto been applied on any large scale to the working of a railway of the usual gauge for passengers.

The plan of Messrs. Mather and Platt, and its method of working, may be briefly described as follows: The whole of the plant for generating the electrical current is situated at Stockwell, the suburban terminus of the line. At this point

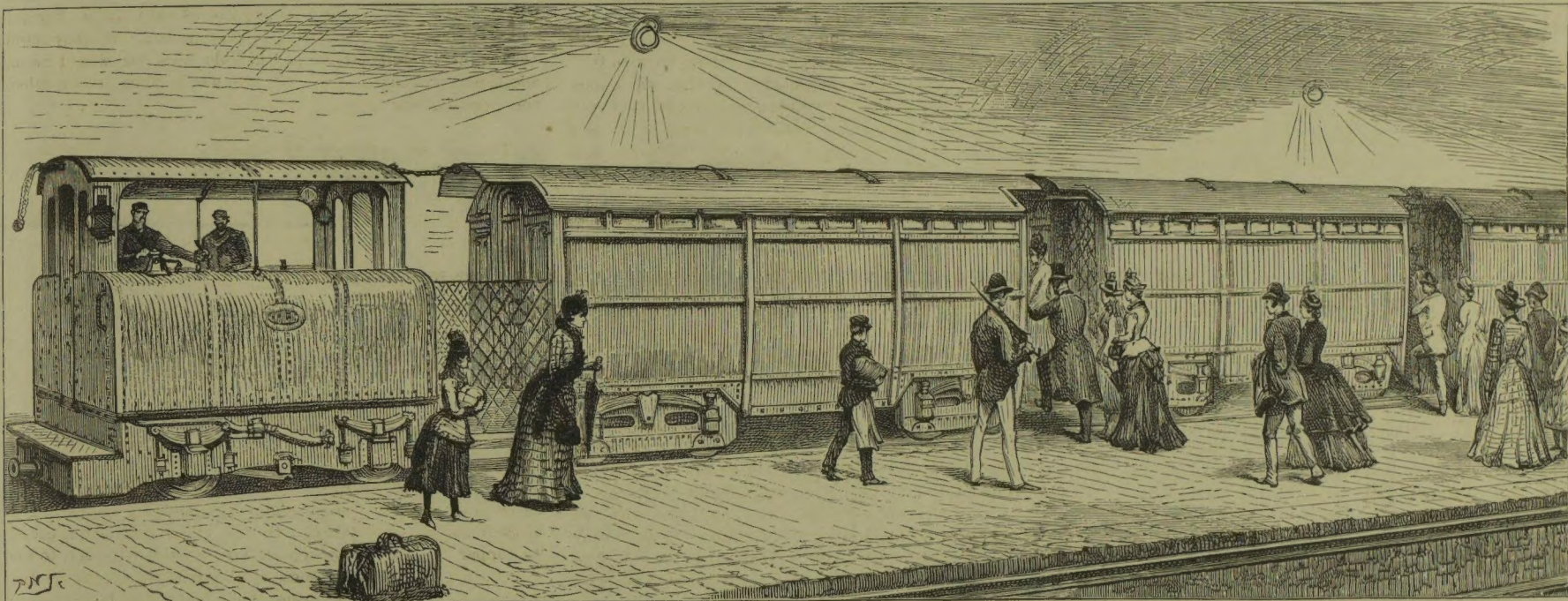


NEW CITY AND SOUTH LONDON RAILWAY: STATION IN THE BOROUGH.

and so control the speed of the locomotive, and also to reverse the direction in which the current passes through the armatures, and, consequently, the direction of running.

The locomotive is capable of exerting a force up to 100-indicated horse power, and of running up to a speed of twenty-five miles per hour, and fourteen have been supplied for working the traffic. The weight of the train, loaded, is thirty tons. From the locomotive the current passes through the wheels to the rails and back to the generating dynamo, so completing the electric circuit. The trains are fitted with automatic air-brake, as well as a handbrake on the locomotive.

It is obvious that small tunnels for single lines of the usual standard gauge may be constructed some distance below



ELECTRIC RAILWAY TRAIN.

line are arranged to give an impetus on starting and a gradual check to the stopping. The journey to and from the City will be done in a quarter of an hour. Fares are to be uniformly twopence, and the system of issuing and collecting tickets is dispensed with in favour of the turnstile plan. Passengers by the City and South London Railway pay their money at the doors before passing into the vestibule on the level of the street.

The construction of this underground line has occupied four years; its cost has been £200,000 per mile, the engineer being Mr. J. W. Greathead, patentee of the tunnelling system used. Mr. F. Schute is assistant engineer, and Mr. Basil Mott resident engineer; Sir John Fowler and Sir B. Baker, consulting engineers. The works were begun by Mr. E. Gabbott, whose contract was taken over and finished by Messrs. W. Scott and Co., of Newcastle. The company has Parliamentary powers to extend its rails to Clapham-common. Mr. C. G. Mott is

a complete plant has been erected for the generation of the electrical current. There are three large generator dynamos of the Edison-Hopkinson type, each worked independently by a vertical compound engine constructed by Messrs. John Fowler and Co., of marine type, with cylinders side by side. Each of these engines is capable of indicating up to 375 indicated horse power, and the dynamos will develop an electrical power over 75 per cent. of this power. The Edison-Hopkinson dynamo, as manufactured by Messrs. Mather and Platt, has long been known as the most efficient generator of electricity constructed either in this country or in the States.

The steam for working the engines is supplied by six Lancashire boilers fitted with Vicar's mechanical stokers and set on Livet's principle, so as to secure the greatest economy in the consumption of fuel, and to obviate, as far as possible, any nuisance from smoke.

From the generating dynamos the current is conveyed to a switch-board, where it can be distributed to various parts of the line as required, and the electrical power can be accurately measured at any time, Sir William Thomson's instruments being used for this purpose.

Insulating cables, manufactured by the Fowler-Waring Company, are carried through each of the two tunnels, and are connected at the signal-box with an uncovered conductor of steel, which extends throughout the entire length of each tunnel, and is carried on glass insulators on the sleepers, midway between the rails. The electrical locomotives draw the current direct from this conductor by means of collectors or shoes, which slide along it.

The electrical locomotives are constructed upon an entirely novel principle, not hitherto applied elsewhere, though the late Sir William Siemens suggested the feasibility of the method some years ago. Upon each axle of the locomotive, a motor dynamo is fixed, the shaft of the armature or revolving part being the axle of the locomotive. In this way the power is applied direct to the axle, without the intervention of any gear or reciprocating parts, and thus it is a much simpler piece of mechanism than an ordinary steam locomotive. The current from the collecting-shoes is conducted to a switch-board placed inside the locomotive under the control of the driver. The switch enables him to regulate the flow of current,

ground, and yet the atmosphere of such tunnels be as pure as upon a railway on the surface. It may safely be predicted that such electrical traction will in the future have important advantages for such railways as the overhead lines of New York and similar railways projected in this country.

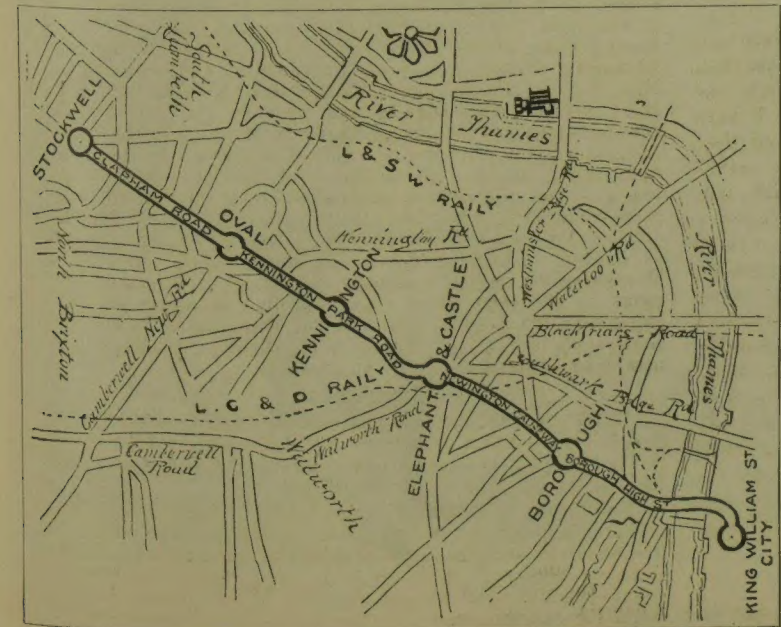
THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AT LIVERPOOL.

The new buildings of the Royal Infirmary at Liverpool, an illustration and description of which have been published, were opened by the Duke of Clarence on Wednesday, Oct. 29. His Royal Highness left Croxteth Hall, the residence of the Earl of Sefton, in an open carriage, and with an escort of Lancers proceeded to the Townhall. There he was received by the Mayor, the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Lathom, the Bishop of Liverpool, the Aldermen and Councillors of the city. The Prince was conducted to a dais in the ballroom, where an address was presented to him in a gold casket. The Mayor escorted the Prince across the room to the Queen's Balcony, overlooking the Exchange, where a large number of gentlemen cheered his Royal Highness. The company then adjourned to the Royal Infirmary, and, having inspected the establishment, his Royal Highness unlocked the door to the main corridor with a golden key. The further ceremony took place under a pavilion of galvanised corrugated iron, specially erected by Mr. J. Charlton Humphreys, of Knightsbridge; here the Prince declared the building open, naming one of the wards "Clarence." A hundred ladies stepped forward in couples and presented purses on behalf of the infirmary to the amount of £4300. The gifts were placed on a massive silver tray on a table in front of the Prince's chair. His Royal Highness, who stood during the presentation, bowed to each of the fair donors. The Earl of Derby proposed a vote of thanks to the Prince, who in the evening attended a ball at St. George's Hall.

A notice of the exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists is unavoidably deferred.

The Edinburgh Exhibition Diplomas of Honour were awarded to the Coventry Machinists' Company for their "Swift Safety Bicycles"; and to Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Bristol, for the excellence of their chocolate and cocoa.

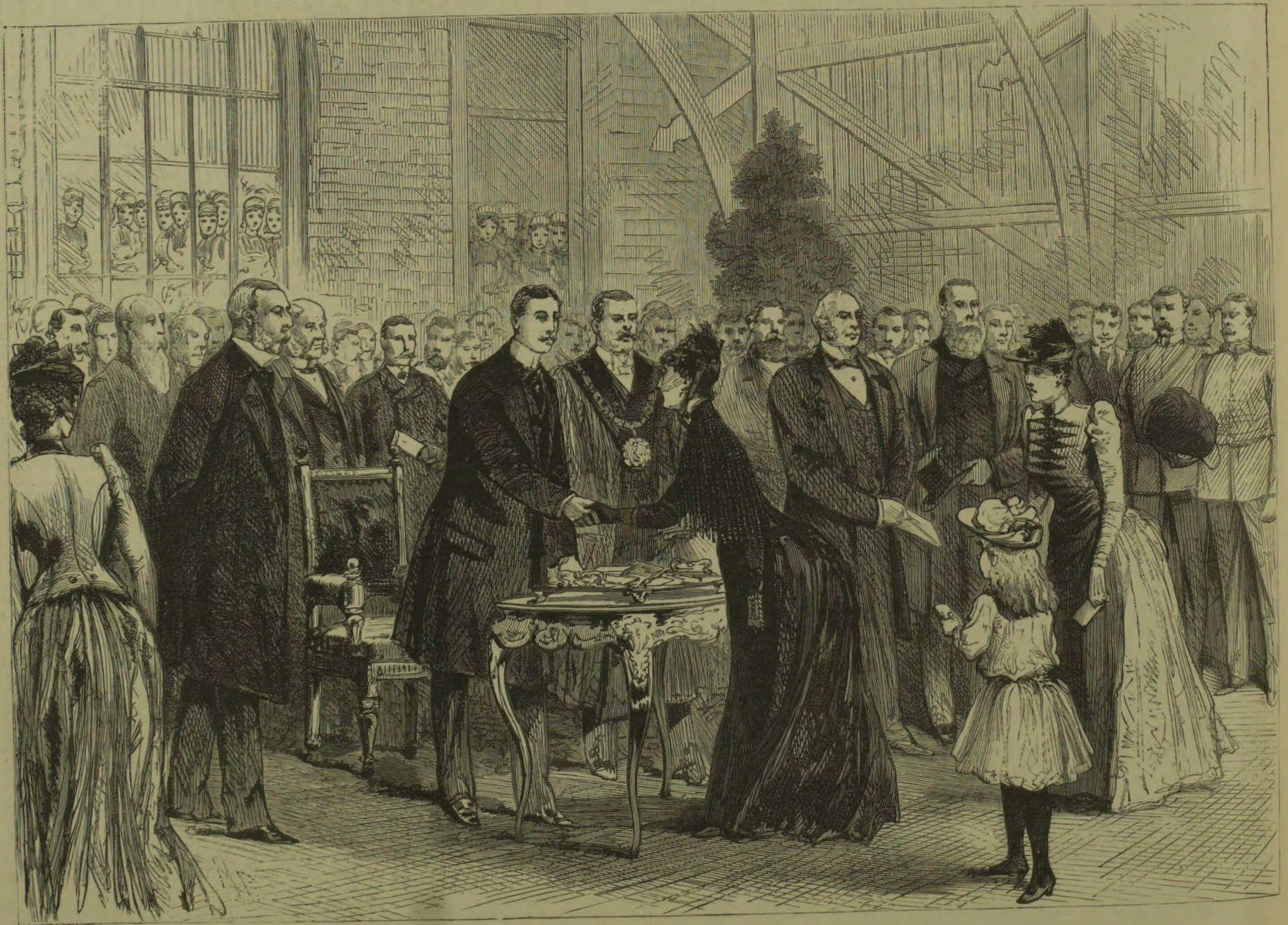
Mr. W. Bousfield presided over the seventh annual meeting of the Committee of Representative Managers of the London Board Schools. The committee reported that they had had brought to their notice the difficulty under the present rules of obtaining the fees from children attending school. In March of this year 87,503 children were receiving remission of fees, or 15,411 more than in the previous year.



THE NEW CITY AND SOUTH LONDON RAILWAY: PLAN OF THE ROUTE.



THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE NEW ELECTRIC RAILWAY: ARRIVAL AT STOCKWELL.



OPENING OF THE NEW ROYAL INFIRMARY AT LIVERPOOL BY THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.



1. The Duchess of Newcastle's Siberian wolfhound Paul II.
2. Mr. W. Foster's setter Ripple Shot.
3. Mr. J. B. Cockerton's setter Buxom Maiden.
4. Mr. Everett Millais's Bassett-hounds Flora and Floreal.

5. Mr. M. H. Hills's bloodhound Tantrums.
6. Mr. C. M. Backhouse's Irish terrier Bumptious Biddy.
7. The Hon. Mrs. Wellesley's wolfhound Krilutt.

8. Mr. J. T. Heap's English terrier Eclipse.
9. Mr. A. E. Garrod's colley Monk.
10. Mr. W. G. Weager's English sheepdog Dairy Maid.

SKETCHES FROM THE DOG SHOW AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE DOG SHOW.

The Crystal Palace Company's second annual show of sporting and other dogs, held under the rules of the Kennel Club, was opened on Tuesday, Oct. 28, till Thursday evening. The show was a very large one, there being upwards of 1500 dogs entered. They were arranged on benches erected by Spratt and Co., reaching the whole length of the Crystal Palace. Plenty of room was allowed for visitors to walk between the benches, and the comfort of the dogs had been well looked after. The different classes and varieties were in general well represented; mastiffs, bloodhounds, St. Bernards, Newfoundlands, deerhounds, Irish wolfhounds, retrievers, setters, pointers, spaniels, colleys, terriers, fox-terriers, bulldogs, and foreign and fancy breeds. The award of prizes was concluded on the Wednesday at noon. Our Artist has sketched a few of the most remarkable animals of different breeds.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Chamber has closed the general debate on the Budget, and proceeded with the consideration of the articles.—The Prince and Princess Royal of Denmark, with their suite, arrived in Paris on Nov. 2.

At the plenary sitting of the States-General, a motion declaring the incapacity of the King of the Netherlands to carry on the government of the country was carried by 109 votes to 5.

The death is announced of M. Charles Verlat, the distinguished Dutch painter, and Director of the Academy at Antwerp. He was born at Antwerp in 1824.

The King of the Belgians concluded his visit to the Emperor William on Oct. 31, and after taking leave of his Imperial host started from Potsdam for Belgium. The Emperor, for the first time since his accession, took part in the great boar-hunt in the Grünwald, lying between Berlin and Potsdam, which is annually held on St. Hubert's Day. The Duke and Duchess of Sparta arrived in Berlin shortly before noon. They were met at the station by Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, acting on behalf of the Emperor. The Prince accompanied them to the Palace of the Empress Frederick in the Unter den Linden. In the afternoon the Duke and Duchess went to Potsdam, where they paid a visit to the Emperor and Empress. The festivities in connection with the marriage of Princess Victoria and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe are to take place, says the *Daily News* Berlin correspondent, on Nov. 19, in Potsdam, not in Berlin, as the Empress wishes to be present at her sister-in-law's wedding.

The French steamer having Mr. Dillon, Mr. William O'Brien, and other Irish members of Parliament on board was signalled off New York on the morning of Nov. 2. Delegates from various Irish organisations boarded the vessel, and Mr. O'Brien spoke twice in response to the congratulations which were offered to him and his friends.

Lord Stanley presided at a farewell luncheon given at Ottawa on Nov. 1 to the members of the British Iron and Steel Institute, and expressed a hope that another visit would soon be made—a wish which was indorsed by the Canadian Premier, Sir J. Macdonald. The Comte de Paris returned to Montreal on Oct. 29. While in Quebec his Royal Highness telegraphed to Queen Victoria expressing his pleasure at the reception accorded to him by her Majesty's French subjects in Canada, who, he said, enjoyed, under the British flag, all the liberties of modern civilisation; and the Comte has received a reply expressing the Queen's gratification at his friendly reception, which her Majesty regarded as an additional proof of the loyalty of the Canadians to her rule. The Comte and party left New York on Nov. 1 for England on board the Cunard Line steamer *Servia*.—The Provincial Legislature of Quebec was opened on the 4th. The principal measure to be submitted is a Bill authorising the conversion of the Debt and a new loan of \$6,000,000, which is to be floated in Paris.—Mr. McConnell, of the Canadian Geological Survey, has returned from the Lake Athabasca region, in the far North-West, and reports the existence of petroleum beds of vast extent. Above the Athabasca River there are beds of sand 250 ft. thick quite saturated with oil, and running for hundreds of miles. This promises to become the richest oil country in the world.

Lord Carrington left Sydney on Nov. 1 for Melbourne, on his return to England, and he and Lady Carrington received a highly gratifying and right loyal farewell on their departure. Sir Alfred Stephen was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor, and assumed the Governorship of the colony pending the arrival of the Earl of Jersey.

We learn from Melbourne that the Hon. Duncan Gillies, in consequence of a vote of want of confidence, tendered the resignation of the Cabinet to the Governor, who summoned Mr. Munro, the Leader of the Opposition. A new Cabinet has been formed, with the Hon. James Munro as Premier and Treasurer.

The Melbourne Cup, a handicap sweepstakes of 50 sovs. each, with 10,000 sovs. and a trophy valued at 150 sovs. added, over a course of two miles, was run at Flemington on Nov. 4, with the following result: Hon. D. S. Wallace's Carbine, 1; Mr. E. E. A. Oatley's Highborn, 2; Mr. J. M'Laughlin's Corréze, 3. Thirty-nine ran.

The strike in Australia is stated to be at an end, and work is being resumed generally.

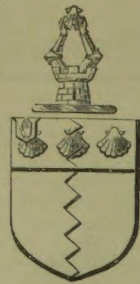
At Oxford University, Mr. G. B. Dibblee, of Balliol College, and Mr. A. Grant, of Merton, have been elected to the fellowships of All Souls' College—the former for history, and the latter for law; and at Cambridge, the following have been elected to fellowships at St. John's College: Messrs. L. E. Shore, C. A. M. Pond, E. J. Brooks, E. H. Hankin, and W. A. Sampson.

Mr. Gladstone was presented with the freedom of the city of Dundee on Oct. 29, and in acknowledging the honour dwelt at some length on the M'Kinley Tariff Bill. He held that that measure would do far more mischief to the United States than to any of the countries commercially connected with them, and warned Englishmen against the suicidal folly of dreaming of retaliation. On Nov. 1, accompanied by Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Gladstone, and Miss Gladstone, he drove to Drumtochty. In the morning, it being All Saints' Day, he attended service at the private chapel in the Fasque Policies. On Sunday, the 2nd, he was twice at the same chapel, accompanied by Mrs. Lady, and Sir John Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone left Fasque on the morning of the 3rd to journey southwards. He was cordially greeted by crowds at Laurencekirk, Montrose, Arbroath, Dundee, Cupar, Thornton Junction, Kirkcaldy, and Edinburgh. At Peebles special arrangements had been made for his reception. After being presented with a travelling rug by the workpeople of the town he made a speech, in which he referred in humorous terms to Lord Hartington's recent meeting in Edinburgh. Mr. Gladstone subsequently proceeded to Innerleithen, where he was the guest of Sir Charles Tennant for a few days. On the 4th Mr. Gladstone planted a young oak in the policies at the Glen, the residence of Sir Charles Tennant.

OBITUARY.

SIR LUMLEY GRAHAM, BART.

Sir Lumley Graham, fourth Baronet, died at Arlington Manor, near Newbury, on Oct. 25, aged sixty-two, from a carriage accident. He entered the Army in 1847, and retired as Colonel in 1876. He saw some service, was in the Kaffir War of 1851-3, and in the Crimea from 1854 to 1855. He had a medal with three clasps, the Turkish medal, the Legion of Honour, and the Medjidieh. He lost an arm at Sebastopol. Sir Lumley was born in 1828, the second son of Sir Sandford Graham, Bart., F.S.A., by Caroline, his wife, daughter of Mr. John Haughton Langston of Sarsden, Oxfordshire, and succeeded to the title in 1875, at the decease of his brother Sir Sandford. He married, Jan. 1, 1856, Augusta, eldest daughter of Mr. John Raymond Barker of Fairford Park, but had no issue. His only surviving brother, now Sir Cyril Clarke Graham, fifth Baronet, C.M.G., is married to a daughter of Lord Charles Hervey. The remains of Sir Lumley were interred in the churchyard of Mortimer West on Oct. 29.



MISS BENSON.

Mary Eleanor Benson, eldest daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Mary, his wife, daughter of the Rev. William Sidgwick of Skipton, died on Oct. 27, at Addington Park, Croydon, after a short illness, aged twenty-seven. Miss Benson's early death is deeply felt. A young lady of high literary promise, she contributed to various periodicals, and an article from her pen on the subject of domestic service appeared in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*.

MR. SALISBURY.

Mr. Enoch Gibbon Salisbury of Glen Aber, J.P., formerly M.P. for Chester, whose death is announced, was born in 1819, the son of Mr. Joseph Salisbury of Nant, in Flintshire, by Mary, his wife, daughter of Mr. Joseph Gibbon of Whitehaven; was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1852, and joined the North Wales Circuit, but subsequently practised before Parliamentary Committees. Mr. Salisbury wrote an interesting work, "Border County Worthies."

MAJOR-GENERAL BARROW, C.B.

Major-General Joseph Lyon Barrow, C.B., Royal (Madras) Artillery, died at Hamilton House, Southampton, on Oct. 29, in his seventy-ninth year. He entered the Madras Artillery in 1829, became Colonel Royal Artillery in 1864, and Major-General in 1872. His services included the first Chinese War, and he was with the Bundelcund Field Force, 1857-8. He had medals for both, and in 1869 received the decoration of C.B. General Barrow married, first, Alicia, daughter of Colonel Kingston Egan, and, secondly, Emily Frances, daughter of Colonel Bryce McMaster.

DR. ALEXANDER ELLIS.

Dr. Alexander John Ellis, F.R.S., F.S.A., the well-known philologist, died at his residence in Auriol-road, Kensington, on Oct. 28. He was born in Hoxton in 1814, and educated at Shrewsbury, Eton, and Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he was elected a scholar in 1835, and graduated B.A., being sixth Wrangler and first in the second class in classics, in 1837. He was elected a Fellow of the Cambridge Philosophical Society in 1837, of the Royal Society in 1864 (being a member of the council for 1880-2), of the Society of Antiquaries in 1870, of the College of Preceptors in 1873, and a life governor of University College, London, in 1886. He was president of the Philological Society during 1872-4, and also 1880-2. He was also a member of the Mathematical Society of London, of the Royal Institution, of the Society of Arts, and honorary member of the Tonic Sol-Fa College. Dr. Ellis was a voluminous author. He received the silver medal of the Society of Arts for three papers in connection with the "Musical Pitch" at home and abroad.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Admiral Robert Tryon, at Heathfield House, Fareham, at the age of eighty-four years. He entered the Navy in 1826. As a midshipman he served at Navarino in the following year. He was placed on the retired list in 1877.

The Rev. John Edmund Cox, D.D., late Vicar of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, at the age of seventy-eight. He edited the "Memoir of Sarah Martin," and was author besides of a "Life of Cranmer," a "Life of Luther," and other works.

The Rev. Edward Arthur Dayman, Canon of Salisbury, Rector of Shillingstone, in the county of Dorset, on Oct. 30, aged eighty-three. He was third son of Mr. John Dayman of Mambury, Devon, and married, in 1842, Ellen Maria, daughter of Mr. William Dunsford.

Mr. Charles Pebody, editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, a member of the Committee of Management of the Press Association, a well-known journalist, on Oct. 30, at Leeds, in his fifty-first year. He was author of "English Journalism, and the Men who have made it."

Mr. Clement Milward, Q.C., a Bencher of the Middle Temple, of Alice Hot, Hants, on Oct. 28. He was born Aug. 20, 1821, the third son of Rear-Admiral Clement Milward of Tullagher, in the county of Kilkenny; married, May 8, 1856, Elizabeth Jane, only daughter and heiress of Mr. John Pearson of Ulverston, and leaves one child, Mary Eliza, wife of Major Richard Knox. Mr. Clement Milward was a lawyer of considerable eminence.

The Hon. Henry Constable Maxwell-Stuart, J.P. and D.L., recently, at Traquair, his seat in Scotland. He was brother of William, late Lord Herries, was born in 1809, and married, in 1840, Juliana, daughter of Mr. Peter Middleton of Stockeld Park, Yorkshire, by whom he leaves issue. At the death of his kinsman Charles Stuart, Earl of Traquair, he succeeded, in 1875, in the Traquair estates, and assumed the additional surname of Stuart.

At the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on Nov. 3, Mr. Victor Horsley, F.R.S., was elected Fullerian Professor of Physiology for three years.

Our Portraits of the Lord Mayor and of Mr. Sheriff Harris are from photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent-street and Cheapside; and that of Mr. Sheriff Farmer is from one by Mr. A. Bassano, Old Bond-street.

The case for the Crown in the Tipperary conspiracy trials closed on Nov. 3, and, after another scene, which led to the committal of Mr. P. O'Brien, M.P., for contempt of Court, the case was adjourned until the 12th, to give the accused an opportunity of preparing their defence.

The first entertainment of the twenty-fourth annual season at Brompton Hospital took place on Nov. 4, when vocal and instrumental solos, with recitations, were contributed by the Misses Alice and Evelyn Owen, Miss Mary Howell, Mr. Arthur D'Oyly, Mr. Jack Cole, and Mr. Heseltine Owen. To the last-named gentleman is due the credit of again arranging the excellent programme, and bringing together his friends. There were several encores.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M.D., advises elderly ladies to play at ball. The principle of the advice—that women of mature years should take some really quick and general active exercise—is excellent. If I were called upon to state the chief causes of the ill-health of women, I should say that among young women it was lack of serious, regular occupation, and among older ones lack of vigorous exercise. By ill-health in this connection is meant, not, of course, actual disease, but merely want of health—a feeling of *malaise* and misery, as totally opposed to the indescribable but delightful sensation of bounding health, as light and darkness are one to the other. It is lamentable to know how large a proportion of our sex, in the middle ranks of life especially, pass their days in that low, wretched condition, without any absolute illness, but with every duty a burden and with every pleasure devoid of savour, and life personally worth nothing. In such a state a woman feels as if mental occupation and bodily exertion were alike distasteful. But, if only she be induced to rouse up and do something seriously and vigorously, the very labour that seems impossible will often be the best physic.

It is very difficult for elderly women to obtain due exercise to keep themselves well, especially in towns. They need vigorous but not too protracted exertion; and most of them get tired long before they have walked enough to produce the physiological effect that exercise gives—the general muscular movement, the rapid circulation, the deep inhalations of air, and the result of all these in active change of tissue, producing at last a feeling of new life, when rest and food have repaired the beneficial waste. Really, to effect this exercise I cannot think of anything better than playing at ball, as Mrs. Anderson suggests. At Stempel's Gymnasium, in Albany-street, where there are classes for ladies, ball exercises are frequently used, and it is surprising how much varied action can be introduced into them. Thin india-rubber balls that "bounce" are employed. Sometimes they are thrown in the air and caught, the thrower trying meanwhile how many times she can clap her hands before catching the ball again. Or it may be flung hard on the ground, and caught in rising so many times with the left hand, then so many with the right, and then with each hand alternately. There are more elaborate exercises, of course, but, however simple, something of the kind should be adopted, since it prevents the monotony that soon comes to be tiresome if the ball be merely thrown up and caught. Bat-and-shuttlecock-playing is another easy yet lively exercise, moving the whole frame with sufficient vigour and not too much violence.

But how astonished an elderly stout matron will make her daughters, her servants, and her neighbours when she begins these diversions in the seclusion of the back garden! 'Tis a tyranny of convention under which we all live—let us be bold as we may, it is difficult to disregard the moral pelt of stares, whispers, and grins! Never mind! Let the patient say that it is by the doctor's orders that she does it. The doctor is the modern all-powerful ruler of conduct, doing his best, and not altogether unsuccessfully, to become an autocrat—and the doctor's orders may even justify a grandmother in playing ball!

One reason why women advancing in years find it difficult to take sufficient exercise is that they so often wear much too weighty clothing to admit of it. The delicate waist of a lady well advanced in years is required to bear the drag of a weight of skirts that it would tax the shoulders of a strong man to carry about for long. No wonder that a woman who "is not what she was" in years and strength gets tired very soon, and never walks if she can ride! It is, I know, very difficult to alter lifelong habits; but, if the effort to wear more rational clothing is once made, the reward in comfort will well repay it. A combination of thick wool will enable a lady to dispense with at least one, and probably with two, heavy skirts. Those able to afford it should wear silk combinations under the wool; and then a single, rather long, flannel skirt with the winter dress will be found sufficient for those still young and active enough to move about freely.

Brighton should now be at its best, but, sad to say, it was actually a smoky and a foggy town in the last week of October! It is of no use for the Corporation to spend money on such costly improvements as, for instance, the new long covered walk under the cliff in Madeira-road, with an asphalted top to the sheltering balcony forming a second and more elevated promenade, unless they can also keep the town clear of the smoke fiend. We fly from London to Brighton to evade its tortures. If we find there a smaller edition of the same horror, what does the exile from town profit us? Accordingly, I have seldom seen my favourite Brighton at this season of the year so empty of really fashionable visitors; and the active Corporation had better take the hint, and see what can be done with the smoke of Brighton before the mischief goes further.

Miss Fortescue is the star of the moment at the Theatre Royal, where she is giving capital renderings of standard plays. She has made here her first appearance as "The Lady of Lyons," with a stock of the most magnificent new gowns, which are, of course, in that "Empire" style that can now be worn by anybody whom it suits for evening dress. Miss Fortescue's first robe is of white crêpe de Chine and pearls. The bodice is very short, the pearl waistbelt coming under the arms. Exactly in front hangs a little pocket, it and the straps that attach it to the waistbelt being both thickly encrusted with pearls. The simple effect of this gown contrasts excellently with the greater splendour of the next two dresses. For the cottage scene there is a brilliant flame-coloured armure silk, just the tint that you see in the heart of the fire when you sit dreaming beside it on a frosty night, and it burns up clear and bright. The dress has a train, and hangs loosely from a few folds across the bust, a thick cream-coloured girdle just outlining the figure. Over this, for travelling, Pauline wears a sumptuous mantle of grey-blue plush, lined with white silk. The last act dress is a superb pink brocade, the flowers in a lighter tone than the ground. It has a very long train, which falls by its own weight in straight folds from the middle of the back, without any belt or girdle. There are little sleeves rising up high above the shoulder.

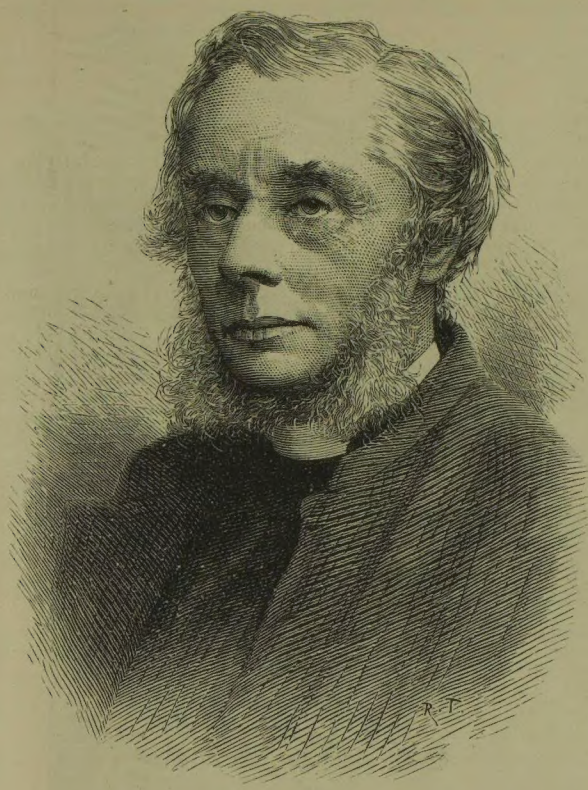
It is melancholy to learn that the daughter of the Archbishop of Canterbury met her fatal illness in visiting an old servant who lay sick. This affords a striking and mournful commentary on Miss Benson's views on the domestic service question, expressed in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*. A thought of sympathy must go also to the beautiful and tender-hearted Lady Burton, deprived of a husband to whom she was in a rare sense a helpmeet. She loved to share her husband's adventures, and cheerfully bore with him the exile in Trieste to which they have been condemned of recent years. There she has founded a society for the protection of animals from the cruel treatment they so generally receive on the Continent.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The Lady Guide Association has now been in being a year, and the first summary shows that 290 parties have engaged the lady guides for sight-seeing alone.

THE NEW BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

The Very Rev. John James Stewart Perowne, D.D., Dean of Peterborough, is appointed successor to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Worcester, upon his resignation of that diocese. It will be remembered that Dr. Perowne declined the



THE VERY REV. J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D.,
DEAN OF PETERBOROUGH, BISHOP-DESIGNATE OF WORCESTER.

Bishopric of Llandaff a few years ago, on the death of Bishop Ollivant, urging the Prime Minister to appoint a Welsh-speaking clergyman to the See. He comes of a well-known family, of Huguenot descent, his father having been a clergyman and Indian missionary. He was born on March 13, 1823, at Burdwan, in Bengal, where his mother opened the first English school for native girls in India. He was educated at the Norwich Grammar School, and at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, where he was Bell's University Scholar in 1842, Crosse Theological Scholar in 1845, Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholar in 1848, and Latin Essay Prizeman in 1844, 1846, and 1847; he took his B.A. degree in 1845, M.A. in 1848, and was elected a Fellow of his college in 1849. He was Select Preacher to the University in 1853, 1861, and 1873, Hulsean Lecturer in 1868, and Lady Margaret's Preacher in 1874. During several years he held a Lectureship and Professorship at King's College, London, and was Assistant Preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich. From 1862 to 1872 he was Vice-Principal of St. David's College, Lampeter; in 1872 he was elected a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and was also Prælector in Theology, Cambridge Preacher at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall; and from 1875 Hulsean Professor of Divinity; besides which he was appointed Examiner in Scripture for the University of London, and was one of the Queen's chaplains. He has been Dean of Peterborough since 1878, and the great work of the architectural restoration of Peterborough Cathedral, begun in January 1883, and recently completed, is partly due to his efforts, and to those of Canon Argles and other members of the Chapter. Dean Perowne was one of the Company for the Revised Version of the Bible (Old Testament), and is an eminent Hebrew and Arabic scholar; he has published a new translation of the Book of Psalms, with notes, and several volumes of lectures and sermons, besides an Arabic grammar, an account of the Welsh Cathedrals, articles in the "Dictionary of the Bible," and contributions to the reviews and magazines. He married, in 1862, a daughter of the late Serjeant Woolrych, of Croxley, Hertfordshire.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker-street.

THE COURT.

It is now stated that the Queen will probably leave Balmoral about Nov. 19 for Windsor Castle. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, her Majesty has walked and driven almost daily. On Oct. 31 the Queen, with Princess Frederica of Hanover, drove to visit the Duchess of Albany at Birkhall. The Duchess of Albany dined with the Queen and the Royal family. The Earl of Zetland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, arrived at the castle, and had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner-party. The Queen went out on Nov. 1 with Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne); and her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove out in the afternoon. On Sunday morning, the 2nd, Divine service was conducted at the castle by the Rev. Pearson M'Adam Muir, minister of Morning-side, Edinburgh, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and her Majesty's Household. The Queen went out with Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and Princess Beatrice; and in the afternoon her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, attended by Viscountess Downe, drove out. The Rev. Archibald Campbell and the Rev. Pearson M'Adam Muir lunched at the castle, and had the honour of being afterwards received by the Queen. On the 3rd Sir Michael Hicks-Beach arrived at the castle as Minister in attendance, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.

The Prince of Wales, after opening the new electric railway (illustrated and described on another page), left town for Aylesbury, on a visit to Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, M.P., at Waddesdon Park.

The Duke of Edinburgh has inspected the Royal Naval Hospital, Stonehouse, and the officers and men of the Steam Reserve, numbering 2500.

Prince Christian has returned to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, from Germany. The Duke of Schleswig-Holstein, brother of the German Empress, accompanied by the Marquis of Lorne, visited his uncle, Prince Christian, on Nov. 1. The visitors had some shooting in the Royal preserves near Virginia Water.

Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe and Countesses Feodore Valda and Helen Gleichen and suite have left St. Bruno, Sunningdale, for St. James's Palace.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

True to his promise, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has started his series of "Dramatic Mondays" with a play that has been very often talked about but never seen before. Who that has ever heard the wail of the unacted has not heard of "Beau Austin," by W. E. Henley and Robert Louis Stevenson, both brilliant authors, as we all know? Tacitly it has been assumed that the majority of managers were fools because they would not rush to the front and produce "Beau Austin." Never was a play so talked about and paragraphed. Of course, I cannot say how many managers have read it, or to how many critics it has been read, but I certainly do know one thing, and that is, it was offered to Mr. Henry Irving for production at the Lyceum—a theatre it could not possibly suit, though it might be admirably adapted to many another. Now that I have seen "Beau Austin," I can well understand why a manager whose main motive is to make money should hesitate to risk failure with this particular play. To do it justice, it would require a vast expenditure on dresses and scenery. The thing should be well done, or not done at all. It was necessary to give a complete and accurate picture of the Georgian era, and accuracy was requisite to a strap and a button. But to say that "Beau Austin" was refused on the ground of morality, or because in it a young lady owns her shame, or because the treatment of a very simple story was unconventional, is to raise a wholly false issue. I take it that the managers—the practical managers—who hesitated to produce "Beau Austin" did so because they did not see any money in it. Cleverly written as it is, delicately conceived and nicely finished, "Beau Austin" is for all that very thin and amateurish work. The play for the study is not always the play for the stage. I can imagine literary men being delighted with "Beau Austin"; but it does not necessarily follow that "Beau Austin" is a good play or a workmanlike play for the stage. Surely it cannot be contended that every brilliant literary man is necessarily a dramatist. Browning, Tennyson, and scores of others have found that it is not so. When Mr. W. E. Henley and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson have studied the stage a little more, they will understand the requirements of the stage. They must perfect themselves as dramatists—"know the ropes, as it were." As a rule, the most workmanlike plays are made by literary actors and not by literary students. Still, it was very public-spirited of Mr. Tree to spend so much money on what, it is to be feared, will only prove a "succès d'estime." We may be wrong, but it does not seem there is dramatic character or nervous energy enough in "Beau Austin" to allow him to weather the storm of the general public. He was cordially greeted by a very brilliant and literary audience, but I cannot help thinking that an audience less cultured and select would demand more story, more interest, more action, and less talk. As someone has already said, it looks like three or four chapters of a novel pasted together. It is not a play as it stands, and the clever authors lack stagecraft.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree, most capable and versatile of artists, gave a very finished and admirable picture of the old Beau of the Regency, who is converted to morality in so marvellously sudden a manner. If we cannot follow the workings of the mind of the old dandy, we can, at any rate, admire his blue coat and the cut of his breeches. Mrs. Tree, with much sincerity, earnestness, and good taste, depicts the sorrows of the new Clarissa, and, though we may be surprised that a maiden ruined by the man she loves should refuse to accept his hand when he offers her honourable marriage, still Mrs. Tree looks delightful in her high-waisted gowns. Mr. Fred Terry is a manly and chivalrous lover. Mr. Edmund Maurice does wonders with the most difficult part in the piece. Mr. Brookfield is capital as the Beau's servant, and both Miss Rose Leclercq and Miss Aylward in dress and manner brought the early days of the century vividly back to us. As a curiosity, then, "Beau Austin" is well worth seeing. Costumes, scenery, style, and manner are alike admirable. But if the mission of a play is to interest in more than a very perfunctory manner, then it is to be feared that "Beau Austin" has missed its mark.

The indescribable thing called "charm." Well, I think it will be found at the Avenue Theatre, now that they are safe on the road to success with Mr. R. C. Carton's "Sunlight and Shadow." The story is slight, but the play is not thin. There is nothing very new or wonderful in the mere tale, but we never experience any sense of emptiness in the play. Once again, and for the hundredth time, we find a play written by one who understands the stage for which he writes. Like his friend Mr. Pinero, Mr. Carton has been an actor, and not at all a bad actor too. He made good use of his opportunity to feel his footing on the boards. The melodramatic woman who, having ruined a man's young life, turns up to blast his maturer years, may be a trifle theatrical and tawdry; but we do not see too much of her, and the play wakes into life when she is gone. On the other hand, we get the crippled schoolmaster, a sketch worthy of Dickens, a village doctor who might have been limned by Anthony Trollope, and a couple of girls as sweet as any that Robertson or Albery invented. The best scenes fall to Miss Marion Terry and Mr. George Alexander, the self-denying woman and the lover cripple. They rise to the occasion in a fine scene, when the sad, humpbacked youth declares the love that has been consuming him for years. Better acting of its kind could not be found, and both artists richly deserve the congratulations that have been poured on them. Miss Maude Millett is at her best, and paints for us one more delightfully natural girl, English to the backbone; while in smaller characters no one would wish to see better representatives of an old doctor than Mr. Nutcombe Gould, a weary saddened man than Mr. Yorke Stephens, or of a young man of the period by Mr. Benjamin Webster. A less conscientious actress than Miss Ada Neilson might have ruined several very risky scenes. As it was, they were saved, and brought safe into harbour. It certainly would not be rash to prophesy a long run for Mr. Carton's play. After all, the public likes purity better than philosophy. When they go to the play they like to flatter themselves that the world is a little better than it is rather than a good deal worse than it seems to be. These English plays by our Pineros and H. A. Joneses and Cartons will outlive whole truckloads of adapted French and Russian novels. As a clever friend and brilliant actor wrote to me the other day, "I am sick of these new-fangled faddists, who tell us we want plays and then give us essays and charades! Ibsen seems to have sent them crazy, and, dramatically, 'Nothing is but what is not,' as Macbeth puts it. Passion, heart, and soul must give place to the desultory discussions of questions the bulk of which most men who think at all have answered for themselves long ago." Caviare and olives are an acquired taste. But who does not like a bowl of English strawberries and cream? C. S.

It is understood that the Queen, upon the recommendation of the Duke of Rutland, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has offered the chaplaincy of the Savoy Chapel, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. White, to Canon Curteis, Canon of Lichfield.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES
AT SEAHAM.

Wynyard Park, the seat of the Marquis of Londonderry, near Stockton-on-Tees, in the county of Durham, was honoured by the Prince and Princess of Wales, joined by their son the Duke of Clarence, with a visit on Thursday, Oct. 30, and the two following days. On the Saturday they drove from Wynyard to the railway station at Thorpe Thewles, accompanied by their host and hostess, and a special train conveyed them to the junction with Lord Londonderry's Seaham and Sunderland Railway, and thence to Seaham Harbour. Accompanying the Royal visitors and Lord and Lady Londonderry were the Duchess of Manchester, Earl and Countess Cadogan, the Countess of Dudley, Lady Randolph Churchill, Viscount and Viscountess Coke, Mr. Chaplin, M.P., Mr. James Lowther, M.P., and Lord H. Vane Tempest. The station was prettily decorated. Lord Londonderry introduced to the Prince Colonel Eminson, Chairman of the Local Board; Mr. H. B. Wright, Clerk to the Local Board; Mr. Eminson, who presented to the Princess a basket of orchids; and Major-General Stephenson, commanding the North-Eastern District. There was a guard of honour from the Seaham Harbour Volunteer Artillery Brigade, under the command of Major Warham.

The Royal party were conducted over Lord Londonderry's extensive works, where land and marine engineering are carried on, by Mr. Hardy, the chief engineer, and they visited also Lord Londonderry's coal, shipping, and estates offices, inspected the Seaham Docks, and the Drill-hall, lately built by Lord Londonderry for the use of the Seaham Harbour Volunteer Brigade. The Prince and Princess then proceeded to Seaham Hall. After luncheon there was a parade of some of the principal Clydesdale horses belonging to the Marquis's stud. The Prince was presented with an address by the local Lodge of Freemasons. He again visited the Drill-hall, where he mounted his horse, and rode to the Volunteer parade-ground, accompanied by his Staff, comprising Major-General Stephenson, Colonel Robinson, R.A. (Commanding Sunderland), and other officers, to inspect the Seaham Harbour Volunteer Artillery, which was originated by Lord Londonderry's grandmother in 1859. The brigade has risen to a full strength of 882. Lord Londonderry is Colonel-Commandant. The brigade has twice won the Queen's Prize at Shoeburyness.

THE LATE MR. C. E. MUDIE.

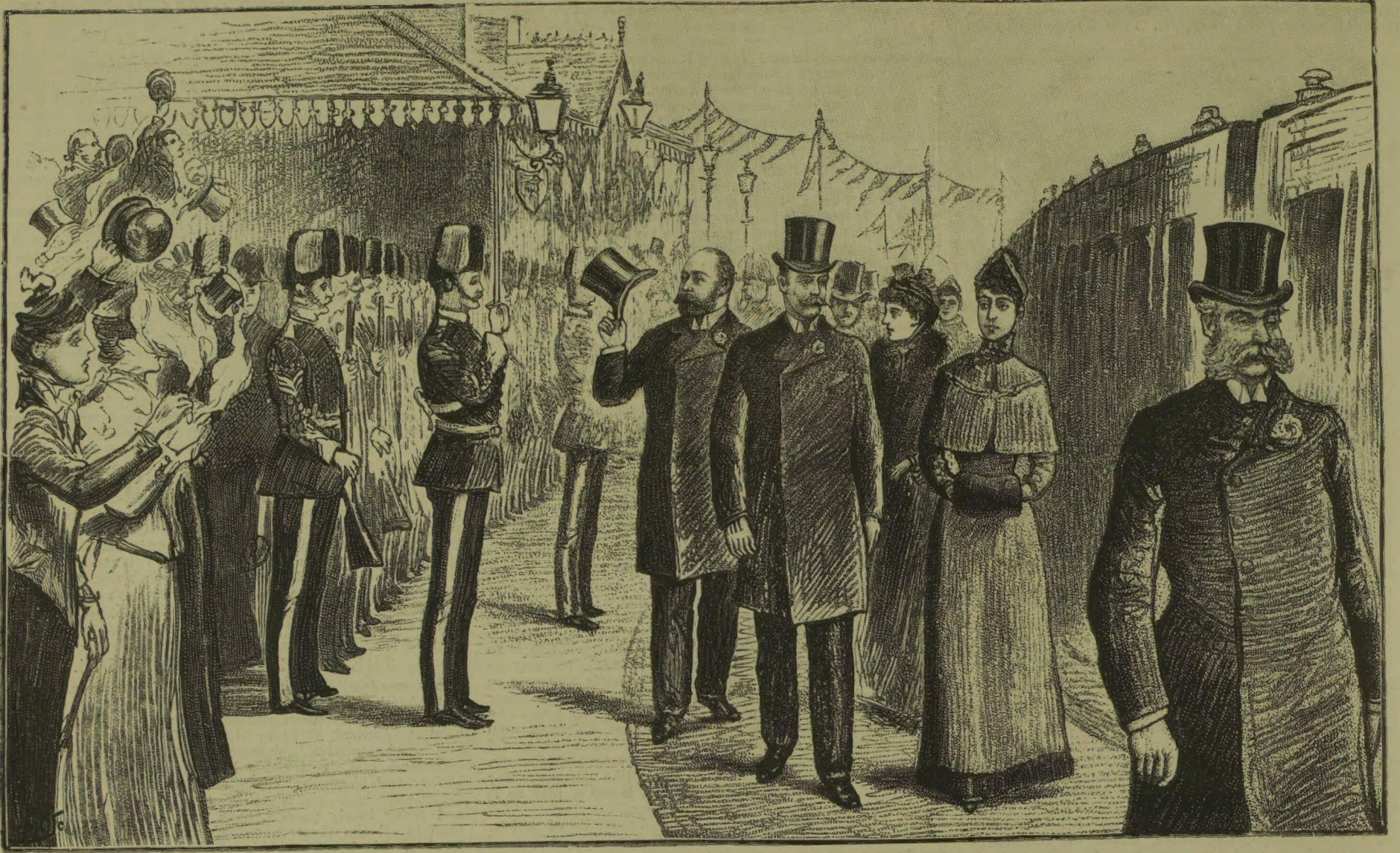
Few names familiar to the ears of Londoners are more associated with agreeable services, in the supply of constant facilities of intellectual recreation, than "Mudie's." In the "Select Library" at 30 to 34, New Oxford-street, with its ample and attractive book-stores, accessible counters, obliging attendants, and the monthly lists of new works of fiction, history and biography, voyages and travels, religion, philosophy, and science, and miscellaneous literature, many families, and many lonely persons, have found more entertainment than in all the theatres, concert-rooms, and exhibitions of London. The benefits of this establishment are extended by a branch office in the City, at 2, King-street, Cheapside, with another in the Brompton-road, and by dependencies in several of the great provincial towns, as well as by its connection with local book-societies, reading-clubs, and literary institutions, and by the direct sending of parcels of books to country subscribers. We suppose that the aggregate number of Mudie's customers, adding all the persons in so many households who read the books furnished by Mudie's Library, could not be reckoned at less than a hundred thousand, most of whom would scarcely, without Mudie's assistance, have obtained the use of more than a very small proportion of the new publications which are to their taste. Much gratitude is, therefore, due to the memory of Mr. Charles Edward Mudie, who died at Hampstead on Oct. 28, at the age of seventy-two, having some time ago retired from the active direction of his business, when the firm was converted into a limited liability company, of which he and several of his family were shareholders. Nearly half a century ago, Mr. Mudie was a bookseller in Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, when he conceived the design of starting a lending library on the principle of a guinea subscription, which was destined almost to supersede the circulating library. Subscription



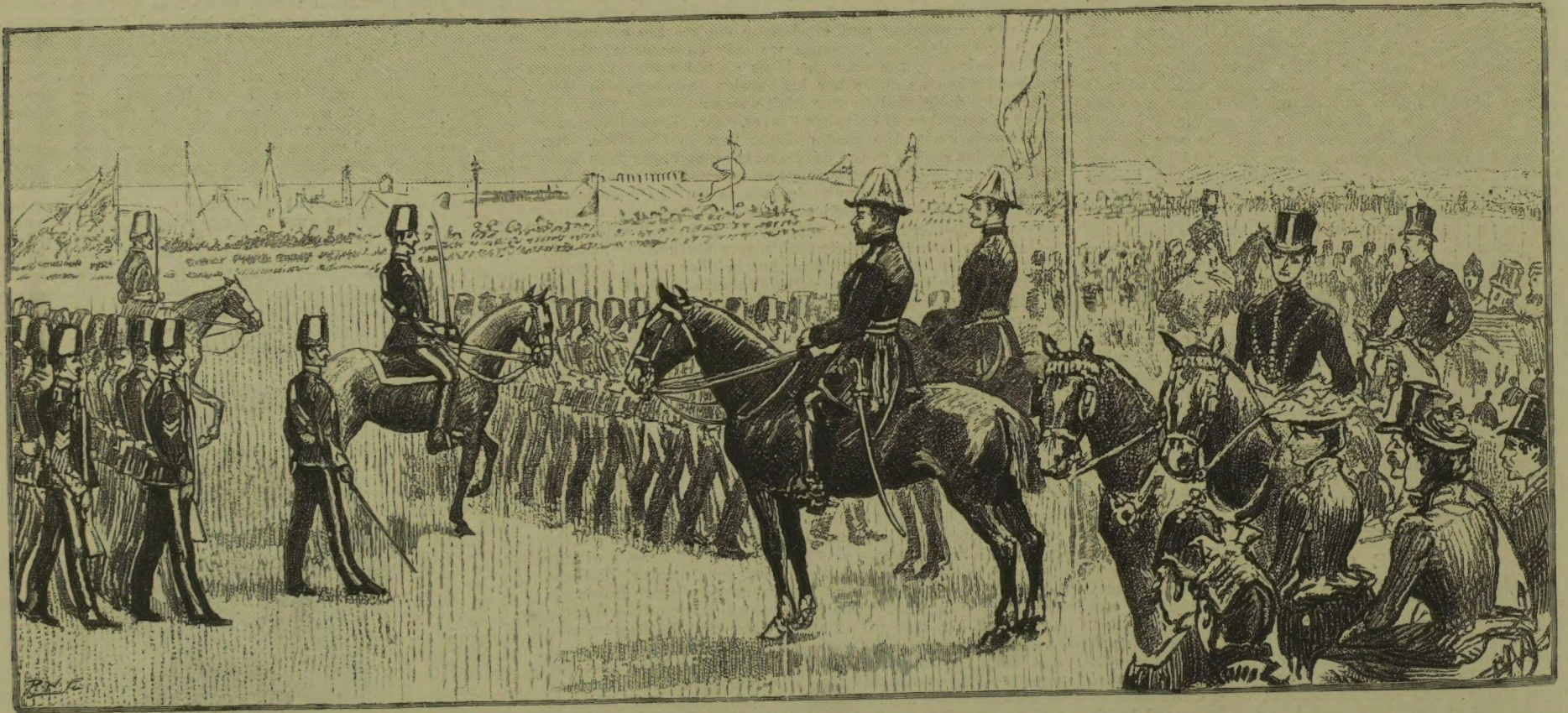
THE LATE MR. C. E. MUDIE,
FOUNDER OF "MUDIE'S LIBRARY."

lending libraries had before existed in many towns, but were usually connected with local societies or institutions, not managed by a single proprietor in the book trade. Mudie's Library was successful, and was removed to its present quarters in New Oxford-street in 1852. As successive enlargements of the premises did not suffice, the present handsome structure was erected in 1862, and was opened with a brilliant entertainment, attended by many of the celebrities in the literary, scientific, and artistic world.

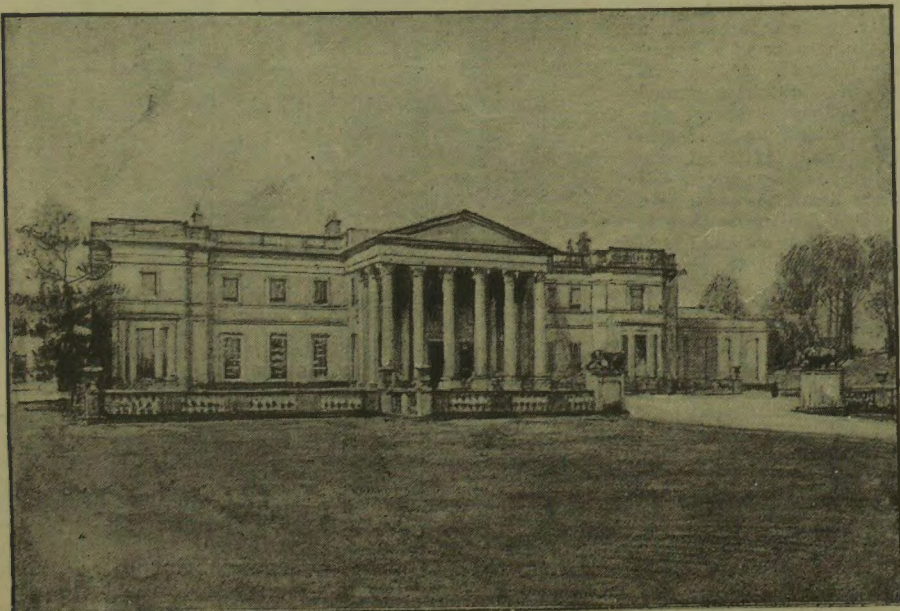
The Portrait of Mr. Mudie is from a photograph by Messrs. Maull and Polyblank.



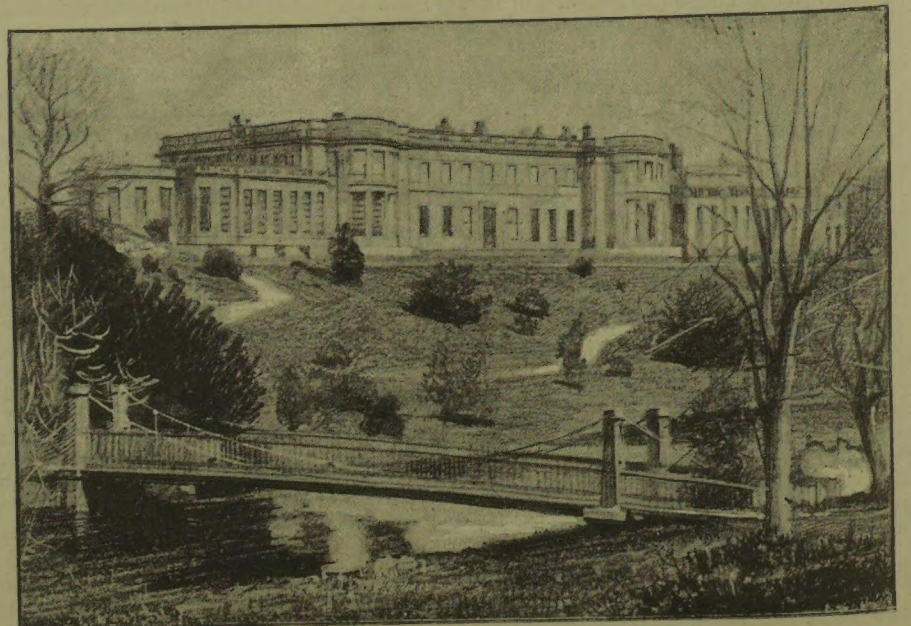
ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY AT SEAHAM STATION.



REVIEW OF THE DURHAM ARTILLERY VOLUNTEERS BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.



WYNYARD HALL: NORTH FRONT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. W. BAKER, STOCKTON-ON-TEES.



WYNYARD HALL: SOUTH FRONT.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. W. BAKER, STOCKTON-ON-TEES.

VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

She had in one rosebud hand a flower of yellow daffodil, and in fault of better introduction proffered it to me.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHOENICIAN."—SEE PAGE 555.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued).

But now I was aroused, and stalked down the green country road full of speed and good intention. I would walk to the Royal city, since there were no other way, and these fair shires must have grown expansive since the olden days if I could not see a march or two while the sun was up. Eastward and north I knew the Court should lie, so bent my steps through glades and commons with the midday sun behind my better shoulder. But the journey was to be shorter than seemed likely at the outset. After asking, to no purpose, my road of several rustics, a venerable wayfarer was chanced upon, ambling down a shady gully.

This quaint old fellow sat a rough little steed, one indeed of the poorest-looking, most knock-kneed beasts I had ever seen a gentleman of gentle quality astride of. And, in truth, the rider was not better kept. He wore a great wide-spreading cloak of threadbare stuff, falling from his shoulders to his knees in such ample folds that it half hid the neck and quarters of his steed. Below this mantle, splashed with twenty shades of mud and most quaintly patched, you saw the prickles of rusty iron spurs on old and shabby leather boots, and just the point of a frayed black leather scabbard peeping under his stirrup-straps. The hat he wore was broad-brimmed and peaked, and looked near as old as did its wearer. Under that shapeless cover was a most strange face. I do not think I ever saw so much and various writ upon so little parchment as shone upon the dry and wrinkled surface of that rider's features. There were cunning and closeness on it, and yet they did not altogether hide the openness of gentle birth and liberal thought. Now you would think, to watch those shrewd keen eyes aglitter there under the penthouse of his shaggy eyebrows, he was some paltry trader with a vision bounded by his weekly till and the infruct of his lying measures, and then anon, at some word or passing fancy, as you came to know him better, 'twas strange to see how eagle-like those optics shone, and with what a clear, bright, prophetic gaze the old fellow would stare, like a steersman through the dim-lit gloom of a starry night, over the wide horizon of the visionary and uncertain! He could look as small and mean about the mouth as a usurer on settling day; and then, when his mood changed, and he fell thoughtful, the gentle melancholy of his face—the goodly soul that spoke behind that changeful mask, the strange dissatisfaction, the incompleteness, the unhappy longing for something unattainable there reflected, made you sad to look upon it!

I overtook this quaint rider as he rode alone, my active feet being more than a match for the shaly limbs of that mean beast he sat upon, and, coming alongside, observed him unnoticed for a minute. Truly as quaint a fellow-traveller as you could meet! His head was sunk, and his grizzled white beard fell over his chest: his eyes were fixed in vacant stare on some vision of the future; and his lips moved tremulously now and again as the thoughts of his mind escaped unheeded from between them. Was he poet? Was he seer? Was it a black past or a red, rosy future the old fellow babbled of? Jove! I was not in very good kind myself, and I fancy I had read now and again, in the wonder of those who saw me, that my face had a tale to tell. But, by the great gods! I was neat and pretty-pied beside this most rusty gentleman; my face was as void as a curd-fed bumpkin's, compared to those eloquently absent eyes, that fine, mean profile, there, in the slouch of the big hat, and those busy lips!

"Good morning, Sir!" I said; and as the old man looked up with a start and saw me, a stranger, walking by his side, all the fervour and the fancy died from off his face, the fine features shut upon themselves; and there he was, the meanest, shallowest, most paltry-looking of old rogues that had ever pulled off a cap to his equal!

He returned my first light questionings with a sullen suspicion, which gradually thawed, however, as his keen scrutiny took, apparently, reassuring stock of my face and figure, and we spoke, as fellow-travellers will, for a few moments on the roads, the weather, and the prospect of the skies. Then I asked him, with small expectation of much advantage in his answer, "which was the best way to Court."

"There are many ways, my son," he said. "You may get there because of extreme virtue, or on the introduction of peculiar wickedness."

"Ah! but I meant otherwise!"

"Shining wisdom, they say, brings a man to Court—or should. And, God knows, there is no place like Court for folly! If thou art very beautiful thou may come to it, and if thou art as ugly as hell they will have thee for a laughing-stock and nine-days wonder. Anaximander went to Court because he was so wise, and Anaxippus because he was so foolish; Diphilus because he was so slow in penmanship, and Antimachus because he wrote so much and swift. Ah, friend! many are the ways. Polypemon lived by plunder, and, because he was the cruellest thief that ever stripped a wanderer by green Cephus, he came under the notice of kings and gods; ay, and Clytus is famous because he was so faithful; and the patriotic Codrus because he bared his bosom to the foe, and Spondius for a hundred treacheries, and"—

"No! no!" I cried, "no more, Sir, I entreat. I did not mean to play footpad to thy capacious memory, and rob your mind of all these just comparisons, but only to ask, in ordinary material manner, which was the best way to the palace, which the nearest road, the safest footpath for a hasty stranger to our good Queen's footstool. I have a Royal script to deliver to her."

"What, is it the Queen you want to see? Why, I am bound that road myself, and in a few minutes I will show you the pinnons glancing among the trees where they are camped."

"Where they are camped?" I exclaimed in wonder. "I thought that was many a mile from here—in fact, Sir, in the great city itself, and yet you say a few minutes will show us the Royal tents."

"Oh, what a blessed thing are youthful legs! And were you off to distant Westminster like that, good fellow, 'to see the Queen,' forsooth, with nothing in thy wallet, and as little in thy head?" And the old man eyed me under his slouching cap with a mixture of derision and strange curiosity.

"I tell you, Sir," I answered, "I come on hasty business: I am a messenger of the utmost urgency, and if I am afoot instead of mounted it is more misfortune than inclination. What brings the Queen, if, indeed, we are so near her, thus far afield?"

"Praise Heaven, young man, there is no one who knows less of the goings and comings of her and hers than I do. I hate them," he said sourly; "a lying swarm of locusts round that yellow jade they call a Queen—a shallow, cruel, worthless crew who stand in the way of light and learning, and laugh the poor scholar out of face and heart!" And, muttering to himself, my companion relapsed into a moody silence as we

breasted the last rise. But on a sudden he looked up with something like a smile wrinkling his withered cheek, and went on: "But you do not laugh—you have some bowels of compassion within you—you can be as civil to a threadbare cloak as to a silken doublet. Gads! fellow, there is something about thee that moves me very strangely. Art thou of gentle quality?"

"I have been of many qualities in my time, Sir." "So I guessed, and something tells me we shall see more of one another. There is a presence about thee that makes me fear—that puts a dread upon me, why I know not. And then, again, I feel drawn to thee by a strong, strange sense, as the Persian says one planet is drawn towards another."

I let the old fellow ramble on, paying, indeed, but cold notice to his chatter, since all my thoughts were on ahead, and when at last we came out of the hazel dingles, there, sure enough, down in the valley was a white road winding among the trees, and a stately park, a goodly house of many windows, and amid the fair meadows among the branches shone the white gleam of tents, and overhead the flutter of silken tags and gonfalons, and now and then there came the glint of steel and gold from out that goodly show, and the blare of trumpets, and more softly on the afternoon air the shout of busy marshals, the neighing of steeds, and the low murmur of many voices.

Oh, it was a pretty scene to see the tender countryside so fresh and green, and the rolling meadows at our feet dusted thick with gold and silver flowers all blended in a splendid web of tissue under the shining sun. And there the flush of blossom on the orchards streaked the fair valley like a sunset cloud, and here the bronze of budding oaks lay soft in the hollows, while overhead the blue canopy of the sky was one unbroken roof from verge to verge.

We two looked down upon that scene of peace with different feeling for a space, then, making my friendly salutation to the dreamy pedant, "Here, Sir," I said, "I fear we part for ever."

"Not so," he said: "we shall meet once more, and soon."

"Well! well! Soon or distant, we will meet again in friendship," and, with a wave of the hand, off I set, delighted to think chance had so favoured me, and all impatient to tell my news. I did not stop to look to left or right, but down the glen I ran into the valley, scaring the frightened sheep and oxen, and stopping not for fence or boundary until the broad road was reached, and all among the groups of gaping countrymen and busy lackeys leading out the steeds to water in the meadows round the royal camp I slackened my pace. The broad park gates were open, and inside, amid the oak-trees around the great house, gay confusion reigned. There, on one hand, were the fair white tents bright with silk and golden trappings, and, while a hundred sturdy yeomen were busy setting up these cool pavilions, others spread costly rugs about their porches, and displayed within them lordly furniture enough to dazzle such rough soldier eyes as mine. There in long rows beneath the branches were ranked a wondrous show of mighty gilded coaches with empty shafts a-trail, all still dusty from the road, and hurrying grooms were covering these over for the night, while others fed and tended a squadron of sleek fat horses, whose be-ribboned manes and glistening hides so well filled out, struck me amazed when I recalled those poor, ragged, muddy chargers whereon we had borne down the hosts of Philip's chivalry two days before. All about the green were groups of gallant gentlemen and ladies, and I overheard, as I brushed by, some of them speaking of a splendid show to be given that night in the court of the great house near by, and how the proud owner of it, thus honoured by the great Queen's presence, had begged him and his for many a day in making preparation. It was most probable, for the white-haired seneschal was tearing his snowy locks, entreating, imploring, amid a surging, unruly mass of porters, cooks, and scullions, while heaps of provender, vats of wine, and mighty piles of food for men and horses, littered all the rearward avenues.

But little I looked at all these things. Clad like many another countrymen come there to see the show (only a little more ragged and uncouth), I passed the outer wickets, and, skirting the groups of idlers, strode boldly out across the trim inner lawns and breasted the wide sweep of steps that led to the great scutcheon doorway. All down these steps gilded fellows were loling in splendid finery, who started up and stared at me, as, nothing noticing their gentle presence, now hot upon my errand, I bounded by. At top were two strong yeomen, gay in crimson and black livery, of most quaint kind, with rampant lions worked in gold upon their breasts, and tall, broad-bladed halberds in their hands. They made a show of barring the way with those mighty weapons; but I came so unexpected, and showed so little hesitation, they faltered. Also, I had pulled off my cap, and better men than they had stepped back in fear and wonder from a glance of that grim, stern face that I thus did show them. Past these, and once inside, I found the Queen was receiving the country-folk, and up the waiting avenue of these good rustic lieges I pushed, brushing through the feeble fence of stewards' marshalling-rods held out to awe, and, nothing noticing a score of curly pages who threw themselves before me, I burst into the presence chamber. Ho! 'Twas a fine room, like the mid-aisle of a great cathedral, and all around the walls were banners and bannerets, antlers of deer, and goodly shows of weapons, and suits of mail and harness. And this splendid lobby was thronged with courtiers in silks and satins, while ruffs and stocks and mighty collarets, and pearls and gems, and cloth of gold and sarsanet glittered everywhere, and a gentle incense of lovely scents mingled with a murmur of courtly talk, went up to the fair carved oaken ceiling. Right ahead of me was a splendid crimson carpet of wondrous pile and softness, and at the far end of that stately way a dais, and on it, lightly chatting amid a pause in the Royal business—the Queen!

She was not the least what I had looked for. I had pictured Edward's noble dame, the daughter of the knightly house of Hainault, as pale and proud and dark—the fit wife to her warlike husband, and a meet mother to her son. But this one was lank and yellow, comely enough no doubt and tall, with a mighty proud light in her eyes when occasion served, and a right royal bearing, yet still somehow not quite that which I expected. What did it matter? Was it not the Queen, and was not that enough? Gods! what should it count what colour was her hair, since my master found it good enough? And, in truth, but I had something to say would bring the red into those lack-lustre cheeks, or Philippa were unlike all other women. Therefore, with a shout of triumph that shocked the mild courtiers, brandishing my precious scrip above my head, I leaped forward, and, dashing up that open crimson road, ran straight to the footstool of the Royal lady, and there dropping on one knee—

"Hail! Royal mother," I cried.

"Thanks!" she said sardonically, as soon as she regained her composure. "Thanks, gentle maid!"

"Madam," I cried, "I come, a herald, charged with splendid news of conquest! But one day since, over in famous France, thy loyal English troops have won such a victory against mighty odds as lends a new lustre even to the

broad page of English valour. But one day since, in your noble General's tent!"

But by this time all the throng of courtiers had found their tongues, and some certain quantity of those senses whereof my sudden entry had bereft them. While a few, who caught the meaning of my word and, stopping not to argue, thought it was the news indeed of a victory that glittering Court had long hoped for, broke out into tumultuous cheering—waving scarf and handkerchief, and throwing wide the lattices, that the common folk without might share their noisy joy, those others who stood closer around, and saw my ragged habiliments, could not believe it.

"You a herald!" exclaimed one grizzled veteran in slashed black velvet over pearly satin. "You a messenger chosen for such an errand! Madam," he cried, drawing out a long rapier from its velvet case, "it is some madman, some brain-sick soldier. I do implore your Grace to let me call the guards."

"An assassin! an assassin!" cried another. "Run him through, Lord Fodringham! Give him no chance or parley!"

"'Tis past belief!" exclaimed a dainty fellow, all perfumed lace and golden chains. "Such glad tidings are not trusted to base country curs."

"A fool!" "A rogue!" "A graceless villain!" they shouted. "Stab him! drag him from the presence! Fie upon the billmen to let such scullions in upon us!" And thick these pretty peers came clustering on me, the while their ladies screamed, and all was stormy tumult.

Up, then, I jumped to my feet, and hot and wrathful, shaking my clenched fist in the faces of those glittering lords, broke out, "By the bright light of day, Sirs, he who says I have a better here in this hall, lies—lies loud and flatly. Do you think, because I come clad like this, you may safely spend your shallow wit upon me? I tell you all, pretty silken spaniels that you are! You, Fodringham, with the gilded toothpick you miscall a sword! you there, Sir, who reek of musk and valour! and all you others, who keep so discreetly out of arm's reach!—I tell you everyone that, in court or camp, in tilt or tourney, I am your mate! Ah, Sirs, and this rusty country smock, blazoned by miry ways and hasty travel; this muddy tabard here, because 'tis upon a herald's breast, is more honourable wear than any silken surtout that you boast of. Gods, gentlemen! if so there be that anyone here in truth misdoubts it, let me entreat his patience; let me humbly crave the boon that he will hold his mettled valour in curb just so long as I may render that message which I surely have at this Royal footstool, and then, on horse or foot, with mace or sword, I will show him my credentials!" But none of that glittering throng had aught to say. Those bold, silken lordlings pushed back in a wide circle from where I stood, fierce and tall in my muddy rags, and fumbled their golden dagger-nobs, and studied with drooped heads the dainty silk rosettes upon their cork-heeled shoes.

After waiting a moment, to give their valour fair chance of answering, I turned disdainfully from them, and, bending again to fair Queen Philippa, "Madam," I said, "these noisy boys make me forget the smooth reverence that I owe your Grace, yet surely the noble daughter of Hainault will forgive a hasty word spoken in defence of soldier honour?"

"I know nothing, good fellow," replied the Queen, eying her discomfited nobles with inward glee, "of thy Hainault, but I like thy outspokenness extremely. By Heaven! you make me think it was some time since I last saw a man about me."

"And have I leave to do my mission, noble lady?"

"Ay, Sir, to it at once! We care not how you come, or who you are, or for the exact condition of your smock, so that you bring news of victory."

"But, Madam," put in Fodringham, "it is not safe—he has some desperate purpose!"

"Silence!" shouted the Queen, springing to her feet and stamping a pretty foot, cased in a dainty pearl-encrusted slipper—"silence, I say, Lord Fodringham, and all you other peers who make our presence-chamber like a bear-pit: silence! or by my father's heart I will cure him of insolence who speaks again for once and all." And the sallow virago, flushing like an angry yellow sunset, with her fierce grey eyes agleam, and her thin lips stern-set, one white hand clutching the high carved arm of her dais, and the other set like white ivory on the jewelled handle of her fan, scowled round upon her courtiers.

They knew that proud termagant too well to meet her eye, and having stared them all into meek silence she let the yellow flush die from her cheek, and turning to me she said: "Now, fellow, to thy errand."

"Then, sovereign lady," I began, "but two days since, in France, the English troop, fair set upon a sunny hillside, were attacked by a vast array of foemen, and thanks to happy chance, to thy princely General's captainship, and to the incredible valour of thy lieges, they were victorious!"

"Now may the dear God who rules these things accept my grateful and most humble thanks!" And the proud Queen, with bright moisture in her eye, looked skyward for a moment, and was so moved with true joy and pleasure in her country's conquest that thereon at once she went up most mightily in my esteem.

"Most welcome of all heralds," she went on, "how fared the English leader in that desperate fight? If aught has happened to Lord Leicester, it will spoil all else that you can say."

I did not quite catch the name she mentioned under breath, but I thought it was the Royal mother asking how my noble young master had prospered, so I spoke out at once.

"Madam, he is unhurt and well! It is not for me, a humble knight, to praise that shining star of honour, but he for whom thou art so naturally solicitous" (here the Queen blushed a little and looked down, while there was a scarce-suppressed laugh among the fair damsels behind me), "he, Madam, has done splendid deeds of valour. Three times, noble Queen, right along the glittering front of France he charged, three times he pierced so deep into that sea of steel that he near lay hands upon their golden lilies in mid-host. The proud Count of Poligny fell before him, and the Lord of Lusigny was overthrown in single combat; Besançon and Arny went down under his maiden spear; he pulled an ancient crest from the Bohemian eagle in mid-battle. In brief, Madam, a more valorous knight was never buckled into armour: he was the prop and pillar of our host, and to him this victory is as largely due as it is to any."

"Herald," said the Queen, with real gratitude and pleasure in her voice again, "indeed your news is welcome. There was nothing I had rather than such a victory, and because 'tis his, because it will stifle the envious clamour of his enemies, and embolden me to do that which I hope to. Oh! your news fills up to overflowing the measure of my joy and satisfaction!" And the fair lady bent her head and fell into a reverie, like a maid who cogitates upon the prowess of an absent lover.

* The Earl of Leicester, in the spring of 1566, had command of the English forces in Flanders, and news of the great victory which he constantly promised but never achieved was daily expected.

So far the woman—then the Queen came back, and lifting her shapely head, with its high-piled yellow hair, laced with strings of amethyst and pearl, and well set off by the great stiff-starched ruff behind, she asked—

“And my dear English nobles, and my stout halberdiers and pikemen—God forgive me that I should forget them!—how told the fight upon them? My heart bleeds to think of the odds you say they did withstand.”

“Be comforted, fair Sovereign! The tide of war set strong against our enemies, our palisades and trenches were well laid; the keen English arrows carried disaster far afield on their iron points ere the battle joined; the great host of France fell by its own mightiness; and victory, this time at least, shall bring but few tears from English maids or matrons.”

“Heaven be truly thanked for that!”

“Indeed, Madam”—so I went on—“none of great account tell those few hours since. Lord Harcourt I saw bear him like the bold soldier that he was, and when the battle faded into evening he it was who marshalled our scattered ranks and set the order for the night.”

“Who did you say?”

“Harcourt, lady, thy bold captain. And Codrington, too, was redoubtable, and came safe from the fight. Chandos dealt out death to all who crossed his path, like an avenging fury, yet took no scratch. Hot Lord Walsingham swept like an avalanche in spring through the close-packed Frenchmen, yet lives to tell of it, and old Sir John Fitzherbert, when I left the field—his white beard all athwart his shredded broken armour—was cheering loudly for our victory, the while they lapped him up in linens, for a French axe had shorn his left arm off at the shoulder. All have taken dints, but near all are safe and well.”

“’Tis strange,” said the Queen, thoughtfully, “’tis strange I know so few of these. I have a Harcourt, but he is not warlike; and cunning, cruel Walsingham lives in the north, and sits better astride of a dinner-stool than a charger. Codrington and Fitzherbert leading my troops to war! Here, let me see thy script: it may explain.” And she held out her jewelled hand.

Thereon a strange uneasiness possessed me, and seemed to cloud my honest courage. What was it? What had I to fear? I did not know. And yet my strong fingers, that never wearied upon a hilt though the day were ne’er so long, trembled as I slung round my pouch, and my heart set off a-beating with craven fear, as it had never beat before in sack or mêlée. It was too foolish; and, a little angry at the blood that ran so slowly in my veins, and the heavy sense of evil that sat on me all of a sudden, I pulled the metal letter-case from my wallet, and burst the seal and pressed the lid. The wallet split from side to side as though the stout leather were frail paper, and the strong metal crumbled in my fingers like red, rotten touchwood.

I stared at it in amazement. What could it mean? Then shook the thin, rusty fragments from my hand, and, putting on a bold face I did not feel, drew out the parchment from the strangely frail casing, brushed off the dust and litter, and handed it to the Sovereign.

“Lady,” I said in a voice I fain would have made true and clear, “there is the full account, and though seas have stained it, and rough travel spoiled the casing, as you saw, yet have I made all diligence I could. It was yesterday morning King Edward gave me that, and ‘Take it,’ he said, ‘as fast as foot can go to sweet Queen Philippa, my wife. Say ’twas penned on battlefield, and comes full charged with my dear and best affections.’ Thus, Madam, have I brought it straight to thee from famous Crecy, and here place it, the warrant of my truth, in Queen Philippa’s own hand.” And then I gave her the scroll.

Jove! how yellow and tarnished it did look! The frail silk that bound it was all afay and colourless; and the King’s great seal, that once had been so cherry-red, was bleached to sickly pallor! The Queen took it, and while I held my breath in nameless terror she turned it over and slowly round about, and stared first at me, and then at that fatal thing. She begged a dagger from a courtier at her side, and split the binding, and unfolded that tawny scroll that crackled in her fingers, it was so old and stiff, and read the address and superscription; and then, all on a sudden, while a deathlike silence held the room, she turned her stern, cold eyes, full of wrath and wonder, to me kneeling there, and burst out—

“Why, fellow! what mummerly is all this? Philippa and Crecy? Why, thou incredible fool! Philippa of Hainault has been dust these twenty generations; and Crecy—thy ‘famous Crecy’—was fought near three hundred years ago! I am Elizabeth Tudor!”

Slowly I rose from my feet and stared at her—stared at her in the bush of that wondering room, while a cold chill of fear and consternation crept over my body. Incredible! “Crecy fought three hundred years ago!”—the hall seemed full of that horrible whisper, and a score of echoes repeated, “Queen Philippa has been dust these twenty generations, and Crecy—thy famous Crecy—was fought near three hundred years ago!” Oh, impossible—cruel—ridiculous!—and yet—and yet! There, as I stood, glaring at the Queen with strained, set face, and clenched hands, and heaving breath, gasping, wondering, waiting for something to break that hideous silence or give the lie to that accursed sentence that still floated around on the ambient air, and took new strength from the disdainful light in those clustering courtier eyes, and their mocking, scornful smiles—while I waited I remembered—by all the infernal powers I remembered—my awakening, and all the things I should have noted and had not. I recalled the bitter throes that had wracked my stiff joints in the old British grave as never mortal rheums yet twisted common sinew and muscle. I recalled the long labour of the crypt thieves, and the altered face of rocks and foreshore when my eyes first lit upon them after that long sleep. The very April season that sorted so ill with the August Crecy left behind took new meaning to me now all on an instant; and my ragged, crumbling raiment, in shreds and tatters, so ruinous as never salt spray yet made a good suit in one mortal evening, the strange garb and speech of those I met, and then this tawny, handsome, yellow lioness on the throne where should have been a pale, black Norman girl. Oh! hell and fiends! But she spoke the truth. I had lain three hundred years in Ufner’s stones, and with a wild, fierce cry of shame and anger, one long yell of pain and disappointment, I tore the cursed wallet from my neck and hurled it down there savagely at her feet, and turned and fled! Past the startled courtiers—past the screaming groups of laced and ruffled women—out! out! through the long line of feeble wardens; out between the glistening lowered halberds of the guards, down the white shining steps, an outcast and a scoffing-point, down into the road I ran, under a thousand wondering eyes, as fast as foot could go—not looking where or how, but seeking only the friendly cover of solitude and the fast-coming evening, and then, at length, worn out and spent—so sick in mind and heart I could scarce put one limb before another, I sank down on a grassy bank, a mile out of sight and sound of that fatal camp, and dropped my head into my hands and let the fierce despair and the black, swelling loneliness well up in my choked and aching heart.

(To be continued.)

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OIL COLOURS.

This Society, having now only completed its eighth year of existence, should still be in vigorous condition which would justify its existence among so many more aged competitors. We look, however, almost in vain for any evidence of its special *raison d’être*, and fear that already respectable mediocrity marks the standard of the committee.

The president, Sir James D. Linton, seems by his very small contributions—“Gathering Apples” (245) and “The Empty Nest” (400)—to think the society either too strong or too weak to make his more active support necessary. Both works are in Sir James Linton’s slightest style, and, although they display his usual delicacy and skill, they are absolutely unimportant. In like manner the vice-president, Mr. Frank Walton, seems to give the key-note of the landscape work which finds favour with the society. No exception can be found with his “Green Haycocks in a Surrey Field” (281), except that it is very insignificant; while his other two works, “Among Steep Hills” (246) and “The Camp of Refuge” (380), are treatments of timber and foliage with which Mr. Walton has already made us familiar. As with the leaders, so it is with the council and the members, and, consequently, with the outsiders. The bulk of the work exhibited is either commonplace or a repetition of what each artist has done before; and a very few new-comers make the present exhibition differ from its seven predecessors, except in the evidence they afford of how great a portion of the art of painting is mechanical. One feature, however, which deserves to be noticed is the large proportion of works, especially in the East Gallery, which would, if size be the test, be more suitably hung in Burlington House than in an exhibition in which cabinet pictures have hitherto been supposed to hold the walls.

Passing, however, to the works exhibited, we may say that on the whole there is greater excellence in the landscape than in the figure work at the Institute. Mr. E. M. Wimperis’s “Cottage on the Common” (675) is one of three all of which are fresh and breezy, and, if not profound in colour, at all events catch with great spirit the beauties of English moorland and stream. Mr. Charles Earle illustrates Welsh scenery (9) with as much sympathy as Mr. Robert Allan can bring back to us memories of the Scotch sea lochs and their surroundings; while Mr. James Orrock is as much at home in Mid England, among the slow-running rivers of Leicestershire, as Mr. Arthur Severn among the sterner beauties of Coniston and the Lake District. In the West Gallery we should also refer to Mr. Halfnight’s “Cottar’s Home” (1), a trifle “greenery,” but delicate in colour and admirable in its autumn tints; Mr. Hughes-Stanton’s “Valley of the Arun” (43), although heavy, is not wanting in a sense of atmosphere, and is perhaps the most promising work by any of the new recruits; Mr. J. L. Pickering’s “Haunted” (76) conveying a fine idea of abandonment and ruin—not only by the weather-beaten house, but by the untopped trees and the weed-grown weir. Mr. David Murray’s “Hallowed Ground” (87) is separated by no dividing line from the secular gardens of the neighbouring cottages, and is in other respects spoilt by the appearance of being cramped.

In the Central Gallery, Mr. W. L. Wyllie’s “Sou’-Wester” (209) suggests Hastings or some such harbourless fishing town, where the boats are waiting to get off in the face of an opposing wind, while Mr. Ernest Waterlow shows how, at “Connemara Sands” (224), they take things much more easily. Mr. Edward Fahey’s “Berkshire Lane” (213) and Mr. Melton Fisher’s “Venetian Garden” (214), which hang beside each other, give a good opportunity of contrasting the work of two clever artists whose styles are as dissimilar as the subjects they paint, and may make many think that for those who have eyes our own country possesses beauties which are not easily surpassed in the sunny South. Mr. John R. Reid’s “Sunny Days of Childhood” (292) is painted in his usual exaggerated tones, and with scarcely so much effect as usual, for the not over-graceful figure of the girl in the foreground throws all the rest of the picture out of proportion. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon’s “October Sun” (371) is perhaps one of the most interesting works in the exhibition, since it gives us a specimen of the artist’s powers when working out of doors. The bright lawn which opens out beyond the shady nook in which the lady and child are lying is capably rendered, and the tones of the foliage and flowers are well caught. Mr. Augustus Burke’s sketches outside Perugia (62) and in Venice (372), though slight in composition, are nice in feeling and colour; and Mr. Alfred Parsons is once more successful in his “Red Canoe” (395), which forms a bright patch in his grey rendering of a Thames backwater, as suggestive of the past summer as Mr. E. Fahey’s larger treatment of “Watery Norfolk” (458).

In the East Gallery, Mr. J. H. Lorimer, hitherto best known by his interiors, has a striking open-air study, “Light-some Labours” (471), where three little urchins are collecting the potatoes dug up by a handsome gardener. The trees and foliage of the background are remarkably well lighted and painted, and make an admirable setting to the well-drawn figures. Mr. Edwin Hayes’s “Tantallon Castle” (523), with the sea breaking on the rocks at its feet, Mr. F. G. Cotman’s “Sunset” (583), Mr. J. L. Pickering’s “Eskdale” (606), Mr. Brewtnall’s “Pastoral” (476), and Miss Janet Cowan’s “Surrey Village” (484) are all praiseworthy works, illustrative of the various styles of English landscape-painting.

Portraits, as a rule, do not occupy much space at the Institute, and as a rule do not call for more than a passing notice. The honours of the present exhibition are pretty equally divided in the first room between the Hon. J. Collier’s portrait (97) of himself—an excellent likeness, painted with much *brío*—and Mr. S. J. Solomon’s more sedate but dignified rendering of his mother (84). Mr. Arthur Hacker’s group of children (132) may be excellent likenesses, but the arrangement is scarcely picturesque. On the other hand, Mr. J. R. Weguelin’s portrait of two sisters (204) in the Central Gallery is a decided success in every way, and the difficulty of giving two faces in profile side by side has been skillfully surmounted. Mr. Alfred Hitchen also contributes a characteristic portrait of Mr. Hitchcock (433), an American artist, painted with considerable dash. In the East Gallery, a clever little portrait of Mr. Robert Giffen (493) by Miss M. L. Hooper will not fail to attract notice; and the anonymous lady (633) in black lace by Mr. Cyrus Johnson is not without merit. But the most important work of this kind is Mr. Herman Herkomer’s “Bookworm” (671), a venerable old gentleman, very carefully painted, and with evident sympathy.

Among the figure-painters Mr. Blair Leighton has hitherto held a high place at the Institute, but his reputation will gain little from either “His Last Goodbye” (185) or “The Appointed Time” (347)—the former a duet on a staircase, and the latter a monologue at the park gate. In neither is there anything to be found but dexterous painting, and even that is not up to Mr. Leighton’s usual standard. Mr. G. G. Kilburne’s “Rivals” (192) is another instance of costume and furniture being allowed to take the place of sentiment; and one turns with a feeling of relief to subjects more simple, such as Mr. David Carr’s “Counting Her Chickens” (28), or Mr. T. B. Kennington’s “Adversity” (557), where the object sought is worthy of the

pains given. In like manner, Mr. Hugh Carter’s “Dutch Cobbler” (566), Mr. Arthur Hacker’s “His Daughter’s Balm” (237), and Mr. J. H. Bacon’s “Song of Long Ago” (111) are, although somewhat melancholy subjects, treated without exaggeration. We must not omit to notice the only two works of humour which are worthy of attention—Mr. Burton Barber’s “Too Many Cooks” (14), which, of course, refers to a round-faced child and her dogs, and Mr. Delapoeer Downing’s “Married in Haste” (620), the first clouds on the happiness of a runaway couple, who do not find in the village inn, where they have taken refuge, the comforts they have left behind.

In conclusion, we should mention a few of the more important works of which the merits or demerits will strike each visitor in a different way. Among such are Miss Ethel Wright’s “Whispers” (40), Mr. Harry Quilter’s “Waves in Sunlight” (45), Mr. H. R. Steer’s “Freedom and Rest” (50), Mr. Haynes-Williams’s “Girlhood” (71), Mr. Theodore Ware’s “Japanese Wayside Performance” (108), Mr. Henry J. Stock’s “Release” (496), and above all, perhaps, Mr. F. B. Millet’s “Michaelmas Daisies” (319), a study of a girl working at her embroidery frame from the flowers which are placed beside her. These are among the more noticeable works of an exhibition which will not be regarded as one of great strength or originality.

At Messrs. Dowdeswells’ Galleries (160, New Bond-street) two exhibitions have been opened simultaneously—one of oil paintings of Highland cattle, and the other of pastels of Hampstead Heath. Mr. J. Denovan Adam, to whom we owe the first-named series, is a teacher of animal-painting who lives at Stirling. He has devoted a large portion of his life to studying cattle, in the fields, on the moors, and in their byres, and has not only acquired singular skill in depicting them, but he has caught with true sympathy the conditions under which his models live. Like many of his contemporary fellow-countrymen, he has gone rather to the French than to the Dutch school for his style and method. The result is that, in not a few of his works, we are as much carried away by the scene as by the sheep or oxen, which, as in nature, are only the accessories of a striking landscape. This is especially the case in the large picture “Fording a Highland River” (34), where, notwithstanding the grand herd of oxen of all shades of colour, the eye wanders away from the struggling crowd to the brilliant effects of light and shadow in the mountains which surround Glen Finlas. A still more striking bit of landscape work is to be seen in “Parting Gleams” (76), where the far-setting sun has just caught the Highland village surrounded by bracken-covered moors. A fine effect of cloud is also achieved in the “Skirts of the Storm” (50), although the picture is less finished than some others; as, for instance, the “Christmas Dinner” (45) of the cattle, where the snow-covered landscape is more successfully dealt with than in the large picture of “Glen Ogle” (14), through which the cattle are wearily plodding their way to the winter tryst. In a very different key are the bright scenes “A Stirlingshire Orchard” (19), “May Blossoms” (64), and “Among the Purple Heather” (57), a fairy scene, known to those who have visited Loch Awe in August. Other works, such as “The Salute of Dawn” (9), very French in treatment; “Parental Care” (65), “The Smiddy” (95), “Foster Mothers” (83), and “A Cottar’s Byre” (75), show the wide range of Mr. Adam’s powers. The work of thirty years is here brought before us in a way which enables us to realise, in an adequate degree, the right of Scotland to add another name to the list of those of her sons who have won distinction among the painters of animals. Mr. Henry Muhrman is already known as the painter of many sombre but poetic landscapes in the style inaugurated by Corot and imitated by Mr. Peppercorn. In the present series he has forsaken oil colours for chalk. And however grateful we may be to him for throwing an air of romance and poetry round that suburban retreat, we regret that he should have adopted a medium of which he does not realise the limitations. Whatever the artist’s skill—and we willingly recognise Mr. Muhrman’s—it is not possible to translate the transparency of outdoor scenes by the means of pastels. Perhaps Mr. Muhrman thinks that the opaqueness of the London atmosphere especially designates pastels as the best vehicle for bringing home to the senses of Londoners the conditions of their “health-resorts.” Such, however, we do not suppose to be the artist’s intention, although in the very clever “House on the Hill” (25) there is not a trace of any break in the white pall which plays the part of sky. There is something exceedingly poetic in the renderings of “The Heath” (38) and the study of “Trees and Pond” (37), while the view “Hampstead Ponds” (16), seen between the dark trees, is more weird-like than anything that ever inspired Corot in the neighbourhood of Ville d’Avray.

At Mr. Danthorne’s Gallery (Vigo-street) is to be seen an interesting collection of studies of wild animals made from nature by Mr. J. T. Nettleship, from which we are able to see with what care and labour that artist composes his larger pictures. In this case also pastels have been used, but with a correct sense of their use. That they can be turned to profitable account in rich colouring may be seen in the “Coiled Python” (4), of which the many-coloured scales glitter in the light. As a rule, Mr. Nettleship is more successful with his lions and lionesses than with other animals—and there are several good specimens in various attitudes—the most ambitious being “Narcissus” (58), a lioness admiring herself in a pool of water. The sketches of the “Tiger Walking” (21) and “Golden Eagle Poising” (19) are very lifelike; but we cannot think that the attitude of the “Wolf Running” (9) can be accurate, the carriage of the head being so different to that common to the dog race. The collection, although limited to a couple of score, contains several sketches which will raise the artist in public estimation.

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VIEW FROM THE LAKE.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXVI.

Combermere Abbey.



VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.

IN a wide level country—the flattest part of Cheshire, than which only Lincolnshire can be more flat—there lies a long mere, wherein the monks fished in days gone past, and by whose side they built an abbey. Now the monks are gone and the abbey is gone, though a great English house stands in its stead; but the mere still stays to give its name to the place—a sheet of white water, stretching so far away, past the house and through the park, that it looks like some great river rather than a bounded lake.

This long sweep of water is what you chiefly remember of Combermere. Almost from entering the park till leaving it you are in view either of the main lake itself, or of some lily-covered corner of it, some quiet patch that might be only a pretty pond—in which deceitful fashion it steals upon you if you reach Combermere by a way which is perhaps the nearest, if you are journeying from a distance. This is by driving or walking, not from the ancient and salt-preserved town of Nantwich, nor from Whitechurch—the two chief neighbours of Combermere—but from the nearer station of Wrenbury. (This somewhat over-pretty name is taken from a village of intentional picturesqueness which well matches it—much the kind of model village an artist would build, saying, as he finished it: "This I will call Wrenbury.")

However, it is ungracious to cavil at the naming of a station that puts you down within two or three miles of the place you want to reach; and though a walk across the fields is much to be avoided in wet weather, it brings you in no great time from Wrenbury to one of the smaller entrances to the park. The gate is locked, and there is no one by to open it, but Providence has left a hole in the adjacent palings, evidently meant for the use of man. Creeping through it, you are in a drive between close-set trees; then, coming into the open, you pass by a wide field, purple against the dark background of park-woods; and, conveniently blind to the Notice to Trespassers on your left, you march onward.

Here you first see the pretty pond which gives you warning of the lake to come; and soon you cross a wooden bridge above the narrow channel of the lily-clad water, far-stretching between its bushy banks. So, past the wild roses, to the park itself—the park proper, the park of lawns and trees. You turn a corner, and come upon a peep of part of the house. Here high white gates of iron are in front of you; there is of course a bit of the lake to be seen; up and down fine trees are scattered about, and beneath their shade are grazing sheep and horses.

For a full view of the house it is well to keep straight on, leaving stables and gardens away to the right, and neglecting the nearest path to the back door by laundry-buildings and old-fashioned outhouses, till you come to the bank of the lake, and look across the great water, which has here all the air of some wide river sweeping by. Indeed, to row to its farther end one of the boats now tethered to the shore—duly weighted, let us suppose, with ladies—would be, as Dickens says, more than a lazy man would care to do on a summer's day.

It is as well to place oneself in the best position to see the house, for it cannot be said that there is very much to see. A long, low white building, Combermere Abbey is delightfully placed by the lakeside, among the trees, but it makes no claim of any kind to distinction or to beauty. The picturesque was forgotten in those Georgian days when it was built, nor had any of the modern substitutes for it been invented. The house is, for the most part, two storeys in height, but sometimes three. There are buttresses between the windows, and

a parapet runs alongside the roof; but the place is not adorned with towers, nor the lavish mediævalism dear to the soul of Wyatt. Ivy overgrows it here and there, and almost all its windows overlook some part of the lake which sweeps round more than two sides of it; and it would seem to be a very bright and comfortable abode for the dwellers within its gates—which they may, perhaps, consider a matter of more importance than all the graces of antiquity.

There is, of course, much that is really antique at Combermere, but it makes no outward show. There are some ruins of the old chapel on the high land facing the house, across the lake. In Lord Combermere's bedroom—a tiny chamber on the ground floor—and in the little smoking-room beside it, you see a part of the old abbey, in some respects almost as it was. The ceiling of the bedroom shows the rough plank flooring of the old monastery; the thick stone walls are here to be seen, and there is an ancient doorway in them which leads into the former burial-ground. The plainness of the little room is martial as well as monastic; and, indeed, since the Church ceased to rule at Combermere Abbey, nearly all its most famous names have been those of soldiers.

This you feel as soon as you set foot in the place; for everything in the entrance-hall tells of fighting. It is usual to see a suit or so of ancient armour, and perhaps a star of yeomanry-swords in the hall of a great mansion; but in this light and handsome passage—a kind of arcade, that looks to be one of the newest things in the house—there is nothing, except, perhaps, one or two fine old cabinets, that does not speak directly of deeds done by warriors from Combermere, and, for the most part, of course, by that warrior who won for the family its present title: the late Viscount Combermere.

The two cannons that stand here were taken at the famous and triumphant siege of Bhurtore; from whose walls, till then thought impregnable, these very guns poured down their heavy shot upon soldiers whose most brilliant victory was mainly won by the common-sense, the skill, and the courage of that General as to whose "genius" the Duke of Wellington wisely "did not care a damn." After the siege, the army gave these trophies to its trusted Commander.

His bust is here, and side by side with him is the leader who knew his worth, the great Duke of whom he was the last surviving General. There are flags of his time, too, and armour of more ancient fighters; and, as trophies of the campaigns of peace, heads of stags with their spreading antlers.

Perhaps it is to the first Lord Combermere and his Indian experiences that the other rooms here about owe that something of the bungalow which strikes us in them. Certainly nothing could be less like the state-rooms of a great English mansion than these low, pretty, bright little rooms, opening through French windows on to the park at the one end and the lakeside at the other. First comes the dining-room, though it is or used to be called the Porter's Hall—for the old entrance to the house was here or hard by. The room is divided by pillars of white-painted wood, and on its walls hang little shields, on which are the arms of the Cotton family, owners of the place for just three centuries and a half this very year. The breakfast-room, also small and cheery, is brightened with looking-glasses. Here are shelves of china, portraits—naturally—of the "first Viscount" and the Duke, and, among other things quaint or beautiful, a portrait of an old Indian Princess, much spoken of in Lord Combermere's Biography, which is to be catalogued as "quaint" exclusively, and is indeed a shocking piece of painting. Not less formidable is a picture of the Viscount in Indian dress.

In the billiard-room—which was once a dining-room—a great battle picture over the fireplace is another record of Asiatic warfare, of which Lord Combermere, receiving the surrender of the Indian ruler, is again the hero. His portrait hangs in this room too, with those of George III. and Queen Caroline, graciously presented by their Majesties themselves. Stags' heads look sweetly down from the walls, their placidity untroubled by the formidable Old Masters with which they are surrounded.

So much for the downstairs rooms. Above, as below, the rooms are small, with only one exception; but this one is a fine chamber, as interesting as it is old.

Nothing seems more right than that the library in a house once monkish should be the ancient chapel; so we will hope that the legend is true which says that this is the case at Combermere, though most of the authorities tell us that it was the refectory. At all events, here is now the true library for one's ideal bookworm. In this large, sombre hall folies are your true reading; nor should any author of later day than Thomas Aquinas be permitted to take his place upon the shelves. All is dark here, and gloomy rather than stately. It is a room

which would look best lamplit: a room to read in at mid-night, for him who has a fancy for ghostly company—as, indeed, there are at least two ghosts to be heard of at Combermere. In the walls there are mysterious doors that look like simple bookshelves, and others having the semblance of doors, which yet are never opened. Here are found, indeed, all the properties of melodrama, including the grim and spectral folk of yore, portrayed on panels in the wall. On the black oak, there, over the mantelpiece, Henry VIII. has lost all his joviality. In yonder picture, bearing date 1568, Catherine Berran must needs have her hand (with a chain hung round it) resting upon a skull—and here your companion on a summer's day insists on telling how, in cutting a drain at Christmas, three skulls were turned up, very likely of Abbots of the past. (It is well to hear that they were decently re-buried at Wrenbury Church.)

Why, in the very wine-cellars here—long and large, as monastic cellars should be—you can see the end of a monk's stone coffin; and, as has been said, Lord Combermere's bedroom has a doorway leading to the ancient burial-ground, quite convenient. Most great houses nowadays, even the oldest, are deplorably lacking in ghosts; but Combermere, like Kimbolton, is amply stocked. Of its two tales in chief, one, indeed, would seem to be but a rumour of some vague murder in the past, of a blood-stain still to be seen, and strange noises sometimes heard; but the other is a modern ghost of much authenticity. Here is the story of its appearance, as it was given, almost at first hand, in *All the Year Round*, just twenty years ago: "Direct ocular evidence," the narrator begins solemnly, "or the strongest circumstantial evidence, being the rule in the courts of law, nothing is hereafter stated on the warrant of the writer that would not be considered good legal evidence. The facts come direct from the witnesses themselves, and were by them repeated to the writer."

This is so satisfactory that we may skip his long description of Combermere Abbey, and go on with his story. "The old part of this fine old mansion," he tells us, "has been made into bed-rooms and offices, not being in keeping with the splendour of modern requirements. Thus, what used to be called the 'coved saloon' was first degraded into a nursery, and is now used as a bed-room. When the late Lord Cotton grew old, this room, in which he had played as a child, was occupied by his niece, Miss P., who before her marriage resided in the house. Lady Cotton's dressing-room was only divided from the 'coved saloon' by a short corridor. One evening Miss P. was alone, dressing for a very late dinner, and as she rose from her toilet-glass to get some article of dress she saw standing near her bed—a little iron one, placed out in the room, away from the wall—the figure of a child dressed in a very quaint frock, with an odd little ruff round its neck. For some moments Miss P. stood and stared, wondering how this strange little creature could have entered her room. The full glare of the candle was upon its face and figure. As she stood looking at it, the child began to run round the bed in a wild distressed way, with a look of suffering in its little face.

"Miss P., still more and more surprised, walked up to the bed and stretched out her hand, when the child suddenly vanished—how or where she did not see, but apparently into the floor. She went at once to Lady Cotton's room, and inquired of her to whom the little girl could belong she had just seen in her room, expressing her belief that it was supernatural, and describing her odd dress and troubled face.

"The ladies went down to dinner, for many guests were staying in the house. Lady Cotton thought and thought over this strange appearance. At last she remembered that Lord Cotton had told her that one of his earliest recollections was the grief he felt at the sudden death of a little sister of whom he was very fond, fourteen years old. The two children had been playing together in the nursery—the same 'coved saloon'—running round and round the bed overnight. In the morning, when he woke, he was told she had died in the night, and he was taken by one of the nursery-maids to see her laid out on her little bed in the 'coved saloon.' The sheet placed over her was removed to show him her face. The horror he felt at the first sight of death made so vivid an impression on him that in extreme old age he still recalled it. The dress and face of the child, as described by Miss P., agreed precisely with his remembrance of his sister. Both Lady Cotton and Miss P. related this to the writer."

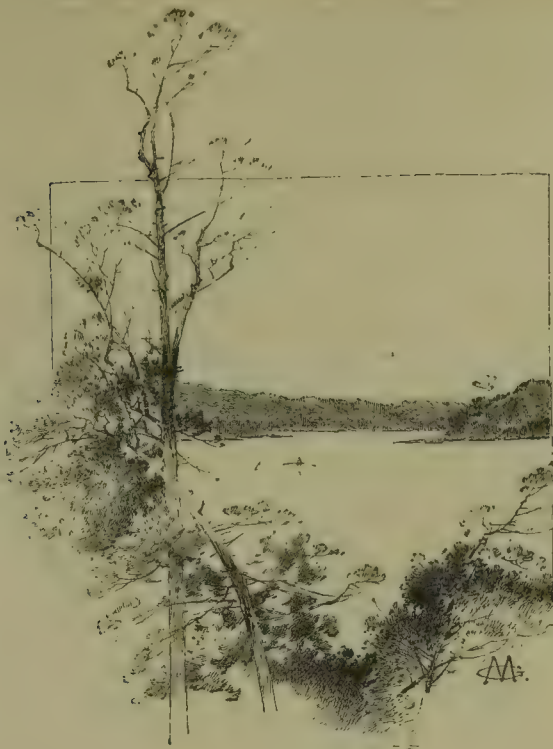
After this well-authenticated apparition—which may surely find credence now that ghosts are so unmistakably "coming in" again—let us return for a final look at the dark library whose shelves ought to be crowded with ghostly lore. It is a sombre old-world room; the walls all brown, except where the oak above the fireplace is black with age—and little relieved by the four ancient portraits in its panels. Round the walls are painted, as a kind of frieze, all the arms of all the families with which the house of Cotton has intermarried during the last two centuries.

Many old memorable things are kept in this room—seals of Henry VIII., of James I., and other monarchs; the formidable black-jack of Oliver Cromwell—bearing his name and the date of 1653—whose leathern sides would hold, at a rough guess, some three or four gallons. And here, or hereabouts, should be mentioned the original Grant—still hanging on a wall hard by—of Combermere Abbey, bestowed by Henry VIII. upon Sir George Cotton.

Combermere is a treasure-house of ancient carving; in the Oak Bed-Room, the Oak Dressing-Room, and the old Orange Bed-Room is some magnificent work. In the room last named there is a glorious fireplace of carved oak—too splendid for a bed-room, for one would sit up half the night to look into its



FRONT ENTRANCE.



END OF THE LAKE.

beauties, to learn the inmost secrets of the strange figures carved upon it, and watch what spirits of old or what mysterious dreams would come out from its depths at dead midnight. Looking at such work, which seems as though it had filled years of toil with the fantasies of a half-idle mind, one always thinks that the greatest gain by its beauty and significance is the workman himself; no one else, by whatever study, could so absorb its spirit and meaning as he who embodied them with long labour in the hard wood. It is almost profanation for a stranger from London, having glanced for a minute at these things, to talk of them.

In the Oak Bed-Room, which is near to that of Orange, is an extraordinary bedstead, to sleep in which must be, for an imaginative child, a liberal education in the life of past ages. Its tester—of heavy carved oak, like all the rest—is upborne by chubby cherubs, with a quaintness that is altogether Dutch, though they are of British birth. All over the bedstead are the queerest figures, and at its foot there is a carved scene of rural life, which must have been imagined by some English Teniers. Outside the Barley Mow Inn are village personages variously occupied, costumed (and, no doubt, behaving themselves) after the fashion of 1685—which date the bedstead bears.

Here is a lesson in the history of the every-day life of the people, while the bed-room lately mentioned commemorates in its name an incident in the history of Kings, of a date just four years later; for William III. slept there as he was passing through Cheshire on his way to Ireland. The "Orange bed," of which the Prince of Orange lay, is still preserved; and an illuminated "Extract from the Memoirs of Mistress Savage"—framed, glazed, and hung upon the wall—records how on Friday, June 6, 1689, King William stayed at Combermere Abbey, seat of Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, and how a month later, on the 7th of July, came "news of the glorious battle."

William was not the only monarch to enjoy the hospitality of Combermere; of late years the Empress of Austria has stayed here in two hunting seasons, and memorials of her visits are to be found in her portrait hanging on the walls, in the double-windows provided for her sitting-room—a pretty chamber, well stored with china, overlooking the lake—and in traces of the gymnastic apparatus fitted up for her in the dressing-room.

Other mementoes of bygone worthies, family portraits, "curiosities" of many kinds, are of course to be found in the old house. In a disused nursery is an interesting picture of the monastery, a plain white building by the lake. There is a great Indian idol of jade, said to be of enormous weight; and an immense elephant's tooth, with other rarities from Asia. A part of the monastery, less changed than the rest, is to be seen in the present servants' hall—as usual, one of the most picturesque rooms in the house, with its long forms and tables of dark wood, and white walls with the simple ornamentation (worked by its inmates) of the family arms, copied from those in the library, and initials of all the family.

The light and lofty kitchen is also in the old part of the house; and hereabouts are the laundries and other outbuildings, in a quaint little square which stands about a round house, and is, as far as may be, made picturesque by its little clock tower.

There are stables, of course, and very fine ones—great red buildings, not far away from the house; and near to these lie the magnificent gardens on which Combermere prides itself as much as on anything that is its—except, as aforesaid, the lake.

For, after seeing house and gardens, to the lake we return, as we began with it; and are not tired of the beauty of its wooded banks. There were two meres, it seems, but the first Viscount very rightly made them into one—a mile and a half long, says an old authority, and covering 130 acres. This was originally no useless pleasure-lake: when the first great house was built by its side, a moat was a necessary defence against the Welsh marauders.

For this peaceful country, not far from the border of wild Wales, was at various times of old one of the fighting-grounds of England; wherefore, perhaps, was all the more need of a house of holy men, a sanctuary, in its midst. This one was founded in the twelfth century by Hugh de Malbanc, as a monastery for brothers of the Cistercian order, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary and St. Michael; and a monastery it remained until, in the thirty-fourth year of the reign of Henry VIII., it and its fellows were suppressed by that Protestant monarch.

Combermere was liberally endowed, drawing its revenues from the adjoining lands, from the manor of Wilkesley and a part of Nantwich, and having the churches of Acton and Sandon, with free pasture in the woods and moors near Nantwich, and the chapelries of Acton and Sandon. In 1130 Randle Gernons, Earl of Gloster, granted a charter confirming to the monks of Combermere all their demesnes and privileges—of infangentheof, utfangentheof, and other matters—and added an acquittance from toll for them, their successors, and their tenants, through the city and county of Chester, with similar acquittance from "future suit to shires and hundreds, murage, pvrage, passage, pontage, scutage, and

works in parks or castles, and all kinds of liberties and exemptions whatsoever." The beginning of the building of the abbey was within a few years after the date of this charter.

We have record of the names—and little more than the names—of seventeen Abbots of Combermere, beginning with William, first Abbot, who was living in 1150, and ending with John Massy, who on July 27, in the thirtieth year of the reign of Henry VIII., surrendered the monastery to the King, and retired on a pension of £50 a year.

In a valuation made two years later the monastery lands are given at £275 17s. 11½d.; and two years after this the site of the house, with its church, bell-tower, lake of Combermere, and cemetery, was granted by the King to George Cotton, Knight (esquire of the body to his Majesty), and Mary, his wife, "to be held by them and their heirs male from the Crown, in the services of the tenth part of a Knight's fee, and the payment of £19 6s. 7d. to the Court of Augmentation of the King's revenue."

So passed away the old abbey, of which and of the monkish rule but little trace is left. Still, as Omerod says in his "History of Cheshire," "the remains of the abbey were incorporated" in the house built by the early Cottons on its site, and "the walls of this mansion are preserved in the present fabric"; though he adds that "their appearance is completely done away with, and their architecture concealed by recent alterations in imitation of the pointed Gothic style." A drawing by Buck, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, shows a house much more picturesque than the present one.

The Cistercians, however, left here as elsewhere the lasting legacy of a beautiful site—the house could hardly be more delightfully placed. Leland records that they once started salt-works here, but gave them up (for a consideration) at the request of their neighbours of Nantwich, Northwich, and Middlewich. "A mile from Cumbremere Abbey," he says, in his "Itinerary," "in time of mind sank a Pease of a Hille having Trees on hit, and after in that Pitte sprang Salt Water, and the Abbate there began to make Salt, but the Menne of the Wichis compoind with the Abbay that ther should be no Salt made."

Ever since the time of Henry VIII. the Cottons have dwelt at Combermere, a typical old English "county family," not raised to the Peerage until the present century, but ruling their neighbours, furnishing leaders for their country's army, and intermarrying with houses ancient as their own. Though it has now had its home so long in the land of Cheshire—famous for old families, the "seedplot of gentility," as Speed calls it—yet the race of Cotton, or the Cottons of this race, were first known as Shropshire folk. But many men of note have borne this name, soldiers, Churchmen, antiquaries, lawyers; and one of the best known—the famous antiquary Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, who, in the days of Charles I., died of the loss of his library—though of a Cheshire family, was not, it would seem, of the kin of the Cottons of Combermere.

An alliance with an old Welsh house connected the Cottons with one of those people of what one may call an accidental fame—known by everyone, though they never did or suffered anything very worthy of note. The great-great-grandfather of the present Lord Combermere married Hester, the daughter of Sir John Salusbury, of the ancient family of Salusburies of Llewenny—of whom we may note that the first on record, Thomas Salusbury, was knighted by Henry VII. "at the Bridge Foot upon the King's entry into London." This was after the battle of Blackheath, in which Thomas had distinguished himself by deeds of prowess done upon the Cornish rebels. To this family belonged Hester Lynch Salusbury of Bachegraig, who married, first, a brewer named Thrale, and afterwards one Gabriel Piozzi—or who, to put it more simply, was the lady we all know as "Dr. Johnson's Mrs. Thrale."

Unlike many ancient houses, which, after centuries of fame and fighting, die out or retire into insignificance—as though they knew that their day's work was done—the line of Cotton has produced its most famous men in the present century; indeed, the three most noted of the descendants of that first Sir George were contemporaries, and died within half a dozen years of each other, though their births were more nearly half a century apart. These were Viscount Combermere, born in 1773; General Sir Willoughby Cotton, born in 1783; and George Edward Lynch Cotton, Bishop of Calcutta, born in 1813: who died in 1865, 1860, and 1866.

The hero of the house is, of course, the first Viscount—Sir Stapleton Cotton, Viscount Combermere, Field-Marshal, Colonel of the 1st Life Guards and Constable of the Tower of London—who died in 1865, the last survivor of Wellington's Generals. His portrait, with that of his great companion-in-arms, is all over the house—in his uniform, with blazing scarlet trousers and a grand plumed hat; in an Indian dress,

painted, no doubt, for his old friend the warrior-Princess Sumroo; and, "last stage of all," when he must have been nearing ninety, sitting bolt upright on his horse, carefully dressed and adorned, one of those "old bucks" whom Thackeray loved to describe, survivors of a former florid generation. Looking at the portrait of the gorgeous old dandy—an associate of the Prince Regent in the early Brighton days—you can realise that this was the British dragoon famous in the first years of the century as the *Lion D'Or*, whose uniform and horses were said to be worth five hundred guineas ransom.

Sir Stapleton Cotton was born at Llewenny Hall, in Denbighshire, the old family seat of the Stappennys; his mother was Frances, daughter and coheir of Colonel James Russell Stapleton of Boddryddon, Denbighshire, and his father Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, fifth Baronet. Sir Robert succeeded to the title in the year of his son's birth, and thenceforward lived, at Combermere Abbey, a life of such unremitting hospitality that he very largely reduced a handsome property, which had already suffered from the profusion of his predecessor, another Sir Robert.

We learn from the good and full biography of the first Viscount (written by his widow and Captain Knollys) that he was throughout his life, though not in any way eccentric, yet distinctly a "character," and a character such as our national vanity prompts us to think especially English. A bright, cheery little fellow, he was called at school "Young Rapid." He was always in scrapes, and never in dishonour. In his regiment he was full of fun, popular with the Colonel and with the men, yet with sufficient strength of mind from the first to avoid the excesses of the mess table. "Little Cotton," as his Colonel in the Carabiniers always called him, was slight and strong, about 5 ft. 8 in. in height, black-haired, and swarthy in complexion, but handsome and very young-looking.

He became an excellent cavalry officer—the French called him the English Murat, and Wellington said, "He commands our cavalry very well; indeed, much better than some that might be sent to us and might be supposed cleverer than he is." As a fact, Lord Combermere would seem to have been one of those bright, light-hearted, good-tempered, and exceedingly modest men, whose abilities are almost always underrated.

He had the disadvantage of being sent to two exceedingly bad schools, out of the three he was at. The first was a little grammar school at Audlem, a few miles from the park gates of Combermere, where he learned nearly as possible nothing at all; then came four years at Westminster, practically all the schooling he got; and then, at a "private military academy" at Norwood House, Bayswater, he was thoroughly taught to clean his firelock and accoutrements, and hardly anything else. However, he had picked up, at school or



THE STABLES.

at home, one thing very useful on the Continent, where his fighting days began. This was a knowledge of French, if possible rarer among well-bred Englishmen than now.

In Belgium he had, indeed, to act as interpreter between Arthur Ormsby—his Colonel aforesaid—and the good priest in whose house they were billeted, and amused himself by the freest of translations to both. "Tell him," the Colonel would say—"tell the blackguard that if he does not let my servant cook in his kitchen it will be the worse for him. What does the rascal say, Little Cotton?"

"He says that he'll see you hanged first." (The priest had really only made a civil objection.)

"Now, Little Cotton, I won't stand this. Tell the d—d scoundrel that if he objects to let my servants cook—they are of his own confounded religion, tell him—if he won't let them cook, I'll have him hung up on his own steeple, and leave him there till I take his Royal Highness the Duke of York's pleasure about him."

This was in the 6th Carabiniers—the old 3rd Irish Light Horse—a very Irish regiment, famous for the hard drinking and frequent duelling of its officers; but Cotton's first regiment was the 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers, in which he obtained a second Lieutenantcy without purchase in 1790.

His first campaigns were in Flanders. He was at the cavalry battle at Cateau in 1794, and was soon after promoted to a majority in the 59th Foot. Very little afterwards, he became Lieutenant-Colonel of Gwyn's Hussars, as the newly raised 25th Light Dragoons were then called; and he commanded the regiment at several stations in England.

In 1796 they embarked for the Cape, where some trouble with the Dutch and French was expected. Thence they sailed to Madras, and fought through the 1799 campaign against Tipoo Sahib. Cotton served in the battle of Malavelly and the siege of Seringapatam, but on the death of his elder brother returned home at his father's wish, exchanging into the 16th Light Dragoons. He was quartered in Dublin during Emmett's insurrection, and there his eldest son was born—for he had married, in 1800, the daughter of the third Duke of Newcastle, a beautiful girl, who only survived the marriage six or seven years. He married twice after this—first in 1814, Caroline, daughter of Fuller Greville (from whom he separated, amicably enough as it would seem, in 1830), and then, a year after her death, Miss Mary Woolley Gibbings, an Irish lady, who survived him.

Stapleton Cotton became a Colonel on the first day of this century, a Major-General in 1865, and a member of Parliament—for Newark—in 1806. Two years later than this he was sent to take part in the Peninsular War, throughout the whole of which he served, with a couple of intervals; in the first of these, in 1810, he went home to take possession of his property on his father's death, while he owed the second holiday to a wound in the right arm received at the battle of Salamanca. Here, as at Talavera and during the retreat from



A BIT NEAR THE STABLES.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XXVI.



COMBERMERE ABBEY, THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT COMBERMERE.

Almeira to Torres Vedras, he did brilliant service. At Salamanca, indeed, Lord Wellington was moved to unwonted enthusiasm, and said, after the famous cavalry charge, "By God, Cotton, I never saw anything more beautiful in my life! The day is yours!" He was most of the time at the head of the allied cavalry, which he led not only with the greatest gallantry, but always with foresight and care: Wellington used to say that when he gave Cotton an order he knew it would be carried out with discretion as well as zeal.

After the campaign of 1814 Cotton was made a Peer—Baron Combermere of Combermere Abbey—with a pension of £2000 a year for three lives. His second marriage took place at Lambeth Palace, at the unusual hour of eleven o'clock at night, that the bridegroom might first attend a grand dinner to the allied Sovereigns at the Guildhall.

Waterloo followed next year; but here—to Wellington's vexation and the lasting chagrin of his old cavalry leader—the command of the horse was given to Lord Uxbridge. It is said that an old grudge borne by the Prince Regent against Lord Combermere was the cause of this appointment. After Lord Uxbridge's wound, Lord Combermere, with great good sense and good feeling, did not refuse to take his place.

From 1817 till 1825 he commanded, with much tact and success, in the West Indies and in Ireland. Then a commander-in-chief was wanted in India, and Wellington showed in a characteristic way his appreciation of his old comrade. It was thought that an expedition against the almost impregnable fortress of Bhurtore—hitherto the boundary-line of British success—would be necessary; and Wellington recommended a commander to the Directors of the East India Company in the words, "You can't do better than have Lord Combermere. He's the man to take Bhurtore."

"But," said a Director, candidly, "we don't think very highly of Lord Combermere. In fact, we do not consider him a man of any great genius."

"I don't care a damn about his genius. I tell you he's the man to take Bhurtore," said the Duke. So they took him, and he took Bhurtore. It had been a danger to the English power in India for twenty years, ever since Lord Lake—under-rating its immense strength—attempted, and failed, to take it with a rush. Now, after a brief siege, it was razed to the ground.

Lord Combermere was made a Viscount after this, the greatest achievement of his long life. He stayed in India five years—during nine months of which he acted as Governor-General, in the absence of Lord Amherst. After his return to England, as time went on, he was covered with honours and decorations; and a historian of Cheshire notes that his services to his country were "marked by extraordinary heraldic distinctions." This was true indeed, as will appear from the authoritative description of his arms and crest, which are not only appalling but somewhat puzzling to the non-heraldic mind—even when it is explained that the "three cotton-hanks" are supposed to allude (for authority itself is not too clear on this point) to the strings which were fastened to the legs of the falcon.

Here are, in full, the said heraldic distinctions. *Arms*: Azure, a chevron, between three cotton-hanks argent, in the chief point suspended by a ribbon gules, fimbriated azure, a representation of the Gold Cross conferred upon his Lordship for his services at Talavera, Fuentes d'Honore, Salamanca, Orthes, Toulouse, &c. *Supporters*: two falcons, rising proper, gorged murally gules. *Crest*: on a wreath a falcon close proper, dexter leg elevated, holding a belt proper, buckled or. *Additional Crest*: a mount vert, thereon a dragon of the 20th Regiment, mounted on a horse sable, accoutred proper, in the act of charging; above, on an escrol, the word "Salamanca."

But, in spite of all crests and titles, Viscount Combermere seems to the last to have been a modest, simple old gentleman, punctually fulfilling his duties as a country landlord, as Constable of the Tower of London—after the death of the Duke of Wellington—and as a sturdily Conservative member of the House of Lords. He died in 1865, at the age of ninety-two.

Two cousins and contemporaries of Lord Combermere were distinguished soldiers—General Sir Willoughby Cotton, who died in 1860 at the age of seventy-seven, and Lieutenant-General Sir Sydney John Cotton, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, who was eighty-two when he died, in 1874. All three of these veterans seem to have been first-rate soldiers, and two were remarkable for their understanding and care in the more mechanical part of a commanding officer's work. Lord Combermere "possessed a special aptitude for inspecting troops of all arms, particularly his own, having an intimate knowledge of details," and never deceived by mere "smartness," when there were actual deficiencies behind. Nevertheless, Lord Combermere and Sir Willoughby were themselves the smartest of soldiers in every sense, and both were among the dandies of their regiments. Sir Sydney Cotton wrote some works of a real value, military or historical—"Remarks on Drill," and "Nine Years on the North-West Frontier," an account of the events of the Indian Mutiny and of the causes which led to it.

A year after the death of Lord Combermere there died a much younger Cotton, the grandson of his cousin, the Dean of Chester. This was George Edward Lynch Cotton, Bishop of Calcutta, as true a hero and at least as able a ruler of men as any of the Generals of the house of Combermere. A master at Rugby under Arnold—the "young master," indeed, of "Tom Brown's Schooldays"—he absorbed all that was best in his leader's method, and when, in 1852, George Cotton was appointed Head Master of Marlborough, he turned it, in six years, from a confessed failure into the great public school which we know. In 1853 he was made Bishop of Calcutta—at a most difficult moment, when the mutiny just ending was attributed to half a dozen causes as different as the over-education of the natives and their under-Christianisation; and when an injudicious Bishop might have done irreparable harm. But Arnold's old pupil was an admirable administrator, as cautious as he was firm. He worked hand in hand with the Governor-General, Lord Canning, and did a great thing for India in caring for the proper education and training of the English born there, and in the extension of missionary work. His death in the very prime of his power was deeply lamented; he was only fifty-three when his foot slipped in landing from a steamer in the Ganges, and he was drowned.

With Bishop Cotton may worthily close our brief story of the heroes of the house by the mere. Never one of the great families of England—not rising to the national power of the Cecils and the Howards—the Cottons have yet served their country well, and upheld with dignity the ancient motto of the house, *In utraque fortuna paratus*—"Ready for either fortune."

EDWARD ROSE.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

Nineteenth Century.—"The Gospel of Wealth"—an agreeable gospel for people in its way of salvation who are incapable of higher aspirations—is the title bestowed by Mr. Gladstone, in his very instructive article here, on the doctrines set forth by Mr. Andrew Carnegie, in the essays on "Wealth, and the Best Fields for Philanthropy," of which fifty thousand copies have been sold. Let nobody suppose that this is a selfish gospel. Mr. Andrew Carnegie is known, both in Scotland and in the United States of America, not less as a benevolent than as a rich and fortunate man: he thinks the great use of much money is to spend it in doing good. Many rich men in America, and some in England, have thought and done the same: no doubt it has made them happy, though perhaps not happier than poor men of similar disposition who have no money to give. As for public thanks, or praise and fame, purchased at the cost of a quarter of a million sterling, we believe the gratification thus obtained does not last three weeks; but whether the sense of relief from an embarrassment of the heart and conscience is not worth the largest pecuniary sacrifice, reserving enough for simple personal wants, every man is free to consider. Mr. Gladstone, however, treats this interesting theme not from the point of view of the individual giver but with regard to the public welfare. Is it good for the nation that the possessors of great public wealth, after providing for their own moderate needs and those of their families and dependants, should either bequeath a great part of their estates for charities or for beneficial institutions, free libraries, museums, schools, colleges, model dwellings, or hospitals; or should in their own lifetime, as Mr. Peabody did, convey or apply large funds to approved schemes of these or other kinds? In general, Mr. Gladstone takes objection to mere charitable bequests after the death of the testator: he thinks all who can should yearly give a certain portion of their income during life. But he avoids coping with the difficult question, whether the accumulation of immense private fortunes is wholesome to society, if they be liberally used, which is a proposition that seems to be implied in the "Gospel of Wealth." Perhaps it does not greatly matter, after all; for the owners of small fortunes can be just as selfish as those who are millionaires; or can be equally generous with a tenth or hundredth part of the means. That the collective wealth of the community should be augmented is assuredly good for all.

We have not left much space for the other articles in this magazine. Earl Grey, almost the sole survivor of Whig statesmen, dwells on the confessed peril to our Legislature from the inability of the House of Commons to dispatch its business: he proposes regulations for sending to the Lords, at the opening of a Session, but with the express consent of the Commons, any Bill that was read the third time in the Session before. Prince Krapotkin goes on with his proofs that all animals are naturally Socialists and Communists—did he ever watch poultry feeding in a farmyard? Mr. Henry Wallis pleads for the more careful preservation of relics and monuments of antiquity in Egypt. The Hon. Emily Lawless, who has taken Irish historical anecdote and romance for her peculiar literary domain, contributes a vivid narrative of the great Fitzgerald in the reign of Henry VII. Professor Huxley discourses on Aryan origins and prehistoric races of man. French agrarian agitation and boycotting in Picardy, described by Mr. Rowland Prothero; the Guilds of the Early Italian painters, by Dr. Jean Paul Richter; the Australian sentiment of loyalty to England, by Bishop Alfred Barry; and the culture of Greek and Humanist learning at Oxford, towards the end of the fifteenth century, by Professor F. T. Palgrave, are good articles on those topics. Three writers of military experience state their opinions of the alleged grievances of private soldiers. Mr. Davitt furnishes an Irish Home-Rule commentary on the latest Midlothian speeches of Mr. Gladstone.

Contemporary Review.—Dr. Carl Peters is not a person whose testimony can be accepted with entire confidence. Emin Pasha is one who would tell the truth. According to the former, Emin Pasha told him, at Mpwapwa, when Mr. Stanley was bringing him down to the east coast, several very strange things. Did Mr. Stanley, in the name of the King of the Belgians, at first invite Emin Pasha to hand over the Equatorial Nile Provinces to the Congo Free State, offering him £1000 a month, for all expenses, to stay there as Governor-General? Secondly, did Mr. Stanley afterwards produce a contract, "stamped and sealed in London," for Emin's signature, by which the Upper Nile was to belong to the British East Africa Company, and to be administered by Emin, with a salary of £3000, keeping his Soudanese troops and other servants? We disbelieve these statements; but it concerns the honour of the King of the Belgians, and still more the Directors of the British East Africa Company, the men who promoted the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, to contradict them. Further, it is stated that Emin Pasha was only induced to quit his post on the Upper Nile by Mr. Stanley's promise, as he could not then enter Uganda, to conduct him round the south and east shores of Lake Victoria Nyanza, to Kavirondo, and to supply him there with ammunition and troops from Mombasa—of course, at the cost of the British East Africa Company—with which he was to deliver Uganda from the Arab Mohammedan faction, to conquer Unyoro, and to re-establish his rule on the Upper Nile. It is alleged that Mr. Stanley deceived Emin Pasha with this promise, and, when the expedition got south of the lake, brought him down to the sea-coast. We shall not accept such stories without secure confirmation: it will be long before we can hear from Emin Pasha, but the members of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee should know if they are true.

The other articles in this month's *Contemporary* do not require much comment. Mr. Michael Davitt on the remedies for Irish distress, and Mr. W. O'Connor Morris against the Irish Land Purchase scheme, Sir Thomas Farrer on the local and imperial finance management of the last four years, Mr. G. Bartrick Baker on the crisis at the Stock Exchange, and Mr. Arnold White on African experiments of agricultural colonisation, propound their respective views and opinions. The life and religious mission of the late Mrs. Booth, and the evangelising methods of the Salvation Army, find a sympathetic witness in Mrs. Josephine Butler; while the Rev. Dr. E. A. Abbott endeavours to explain his philosophical theory of the need of "illusions" as a stepping-ladder in the ascent to pure spiritual truth. Mr. Justin McCarthy reviews Mr. Lecky's last two volumes with reference to the history of the Irish Act of Union, and Mrs. Fawcett states the case against infant marriage in India. Vernon Lee's story, "A Worldly Woman," is continued.

Fortnightly Review.—"The Coming Session—Breakers Ahead!" is Mr. Frederick Greenwood's warning of Ministerial difficulties with the Irish Land Purchase Bill, and with a possible Irish Local Government Bill, upon which he doubts the inclination of the Conservative Party to follow their Liberal Unionist allies so far. Sir Lepel Griffin, who recently visited Burmah, records his impressions of the social influence of the Buddhist religion established in that country. The American fiscal and commercial policy of the McKinley Tariff is

explained by Mr. Moreton Frewen, who contends that it should be met by a British Imperial Federation. In Mr. H. H. Johnston's address to the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, here reprinted, will be found an instructive survey of the resources of Tropical Africa under British administration. The conclusion of Count Leo Tolstoy's didactic tale of the early Christians in the Greek provinces of the Roman Empire brings out more fully his peculiar religious and ethical doctrines: it is called "Work while ye have the Light." Madame Darmstetter (formerly Miss A. Mary F. Robinson) presents a careful statistical study of the condition of the French rural peasantry in the fourteenth century. The controversy between Mr. W. H. Mallock and Father Sebastian Bowden, on Catholic views of natural theology, as propounded by Dr. Hettinger, is continued by Mr. Mallock. Another of the secondary English dramatists of the seventeenth century, the almost forgotten Robert Davenport, is resuscitated and commended by Mr. Algernon Swinburne. Personal experiences in Russian prisons, as related by Mr. Felix Volkhovsky, are dismal enough. There is a further instalment of Mr. George Meredith's novel, "One of our Conquerors," which appears in small print, though more interesting, to most readers, than the critical and political essays.

National Review.—Sir G. Baden-Powell impugns Mr. Gladstone's accuracy and consistency, with regard to the recent complaints that the Government has made undue concessions to the Papal See in the Maltese marriage laws. "Ouida" indulges in an eloquent scolding of the Italians, particularly the Florentine municipality, for the tasteless vulgarity of street alterations, demolitions, and new constructions in that city. The lectures on the history of Socialism, delivered by Miss Alice Oldham at the Alexandra College for Women, seem worth publication. Mr. C. S. Jerram's portrait of the mental and spiritual life of Cardinal Newman at the period of his conversion to Romanism seems drawn from intimate knowledge. A veteran card-player, "Aquarius," discusses the inexpediency of the present custom or method of whist-playing, and recommends going back to the old play, "Free Whist," in which, for instance, one was not obliged to follow one's partner's lead, or to obey any code of routine. The dangers of great political and social mischief in India from arbitrary meddling with the Hindu law of marriage are forcibly exposed by Mr. Lionel Ashburner. The Protectionist commercial policy of the United States is discussed by Mr. A. N. Cumming; while Mr. C. Parkinson supplies useful information and practical advice on the management of fruit-orchards in Worcestershire, and Mr. A. Patchett Martin gives an account of Australian labourers' strike. Mr. T. E. Kebbel, reviewing Mr. Andrew Lang's biography of Lord Iddesleigh, fills up some of its important deficiencies in matters of political history, but he does this, of course, from the point of view of the Conservative Party.

THE "ART ANNUAL."

The *Art Annual*, or Christmas Number of the *Art Journal*, is devoted to a notice of the life and work of Mr. Birket Foster, and forms, perhaps, one of the most attractive of the series of painters' biographies issued in this form. Mr. Marcus Huish, to whom the letterpress is due, writes not only with full knowledge of, but in full sympathy with, his subject, and tells much that is interesting about Mr. Birket Foster's career. He comes of an old Quaker family long settled in Durham; but his grandfather, Robert Foster, seems to have broken with the traditions of the Society of Friends, and to have distinguished himself in a noteworthy manner in the great war—for which he was given a commission in the Royal Navy. Southey, writing to Wordsworth, said of him that "he looked like the first assassin in 'Macbeth,'" but was a rare man—"whose head was well stored, and whose heart was in the right place."

Robert Foster's grandson, Myles Birket Foster, was born at North Shields in 1825, and at an early age he announced his desire to devote himself to art. After some hesitation, he was apprenticed to a die-engraver, but, owing to the suicide of his intended master, the arrangement fell through, and Birket Foster was allowed to turn his attention to the less monotonous work of wood-engraving; and at the time he had finished his apprenticeship the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch* were beginning to show something better than the steel-engravings of the "Annals," of which the public was getting heartily tired. At first Foster's work on *Punch* was limited to vignettes and initials, in which he had for his colleague Mr. H. G. Hine, now Vice-President of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours; but, in December 1841, he was entrusted with the preparation of the principal cartoon—"Jack [Lord John Russell] cutting his name on the beam."

In the following year, when the *Illustrated London News* was fairly launched, Birket Foster was among the artists engaged for the preparation of wood blocks and also for original drawings. The reproduction of one of these—"The Distribution of Coals"—is given in the present annual, and shows a little-known side of Birket Foster's talent. A good deal of interest attaches also to the first book illustrated by him, "Ireland, Its Scenery, Character, &c.," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall; but there is reason to believe that he drew rather on his imagination than on his knowledge for the types and places depicted. Four years later he began regular work as a book-illustrator, and down to 1860 scarcely a year passed without several proofs of his rapidly improving style. Among the most popular were the illustrations to Longfellow's "Evangeline" (1850) and Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" (1853), in conjunction with Sir John Gilbert; Gray's "Elegy" (1854), Goldsmith's "Traveller" (1856), in imitation of the excellent work then put forth by the Etching Club; and Dr. Lorimer's "Scottish Reformation" (1862), which included several fine studies of Scottish scenery.

It was not until 1858 that Birket Foster began to give up book-illustrating for water-colour painting, and with this view he settled himself near Dorking, and began steadily painting from nature. In the following year he sent his first work of any importance to the Royal Academy, and in 1860 he was elected an Associate of the Water Colour Society. Two years later he was made a full member. It is unnecessary to refer at length to his career as an artist; but those who care to follow it will need no more pleasant guide than Mr. Huish; while the progress of Birket Foster's work, from his earliest days to the present time, is well represented by the numerous illustrations with which the pages of the *Art Annual* are studded. Especially beautiful is the original etching, "The Little Shepherds," prefixed to the annual, which better merits framing than many a work of greater pretension. The bit of true Surrey landscape introduced into the scene recalls the neighbourhood of Witley, where Mr. Birket Foster has built his house, of which Mr. Huish gives an account which will make many a reader guilty of a breach of the Tenth Commandment. Notwithstanding this, we cannot but commend the *Art Annual* to all interested in the story and work of a thoroughly English artist and worthy fellow-countryman of Thomas Bewick.

The Spanish steamer Vizcaya has been run into and sunk, during a fog, on the New Jersey coast. Some of the passengers and crew clung to the rigging until they were rescued by another ship; but sixty-five passengers and crew were drowned. The vessel which ran into the Vizcaya was a large coal-laden schooner, which also sank, her crew being, it is feared, also lost.



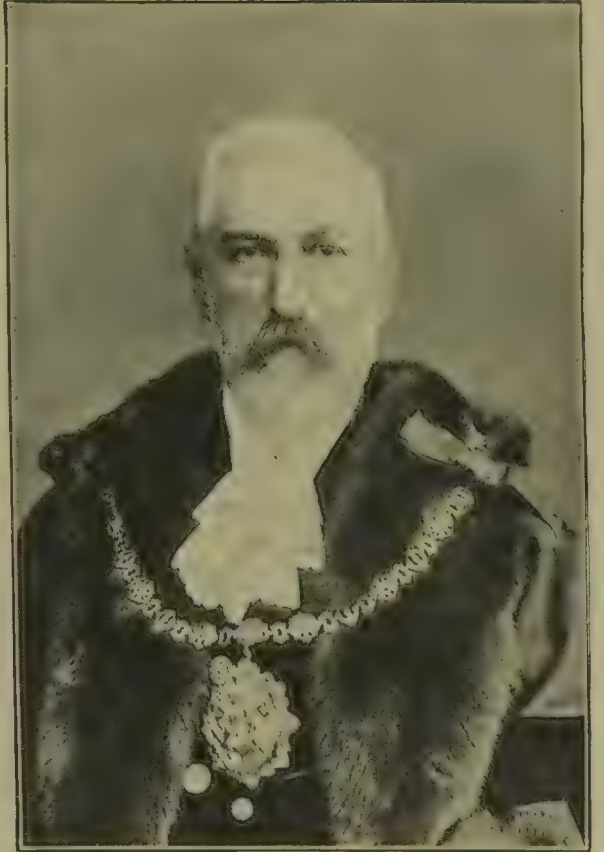
SIDE VIEW.



"WE ARE SEVEN."—BY W. MOUAT LOUDAN.



MR. SHERIFF AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON,
MR. ALDERMAN SAVORY.

MR. SHERIFF FARMER.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

Mr. Alderman Savory, the new Lord Mayor, was born at Upper Clapton, July 23, 1843, eldest son of Mr. John Savory, descended from a Huguenot family who fled from France at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and his mother was of the old Cumberland or Westmoreland family of Braithwaite. After private tuition under the Rev. Henry Blunt, now Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, he went to Harrow, under the headmastership, first of Dr. Vaughan, and subsequently of Dr. Butler. He then joined his father in the firm of Messrs. A. B. Savory and Sons (now the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited), of Cornhill, a business first established in the City in 1751. In 1882-3 Mr. Savory served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and in September 1883, on the retirement of Sir Sydney Waterlow, he was elected Alderman of the Ward of Langbourn. Alderman Savory is a director of the New River Company and of the Royal Mail

Steam Packet Company. He has always taken much interest in education, and is a member of the School Board for London, an almoner of Christ's Hospital, a governor of the Royal Holloway College, chairman of the Princess Helena College, and a governor of the United Westminster Schools. He is also a governor of Queen Anne's Bounty, and of the Royal Hospitals. The new Lord Mayor is a Conservative in politics, and a Churchman. He married, in 1888, the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Leach, R.E., C.B., Secretary to the Board of Agriculture. He resides at Buckhurst Park, Ascot, and is a J.P. for Berks.

Mr. Sheriff William Farmer was born in 1832, in Worcestershire, and in 1849 went to Australia, to join his uncle, Mr. Joseph Farmer, in a large drapery, outfitting, and furnishing business at Sydney. In 1862 he came home to England for two years, and married Miss Martha Perkins, of Droitwich. He then returned to Australia, and remained there, conducting the same business, till 1874, since which he has been the London head of the firm of Farmer and Co., Australian merchants, of Aldermanbury, and of Sydney, New South Wales. He is a member of the Haberdashers' Company, the

Shipwrights' Company, and the Spectacle Makers' Company, also of the London Chamber of Commerce and of the Constitutional Club; chairman of the London committee of the Sydney "Lloyd's," and a director of the Mutual Shipping Company. He resides at Cowarth Park, Sunningdale, near Ascot.

Mr. Sheriff Augustus Harris is the well-known lessee of Drury-Lane Theatre, since 1879, and is son of the Mr. Augustus Harris who occupied, for more than twenty years, an important position in the theatrical world as stage-manager of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, under Mr. Gye. But he has also given much attention to parochial and metropolitan public affairs, as a member of the Strand Local Board and of the London County Council; and he holds the office of Grand Treasurer in the Grand Lodge of Freemasons. He is married to a daughter of the late Mr. W. E. Rendle, formerly of Plymouth. Mr. Sheriff Harris resides in Avenue-road, St. John's Wood.



THE AMERICAN NAVY: U.S.S. CHARLESTON.

The Shinner quartet party (so called from the name of its leading violinist, Miss Emily Shinner) gave a concert at Princes' Hall, on Oct. 30, when an excellent programme was finely rendered. Miss F. Davies contributed some brilliant pianoforte performances, and German Lieder were expressively sung by Miss Fillunger.

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HER DEAREST FOE. | THE ADMIRAL'S WARD. | THE EXECUTOR. | THE FRIBBES.

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A GIRLON GIRL. | A BALL-ROOM REPENTANCE.

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OUGHT WE TO VISIT HER? | LEAH.

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GEORGE GEITH OF FEN COURT. | BERNA BOYLE.

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BENTLEY'S FAVOURITE NOVELS.
DOROTHY FOX. | ADAM AND EVE.

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LADY GRIZEL.

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UNCLE MAX. | WEE WIFE. | NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS.

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ROBERT ORDS ATONEMENT.

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WOODED AND MARRIED. | QUEENIE'S WHIM. | ONLY THE GOVERNESS.

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KITH AND KIN. | PROBATION. | HEALY.

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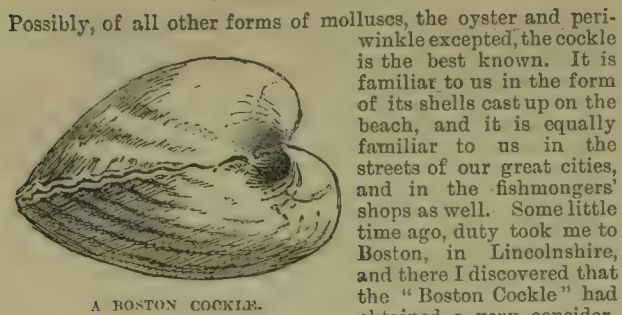
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A BOSTON COCKLE.



A BOSTON COCKLE.

Possibly, of all other forms of molluscs, the oyster and periwinkle excepted, the cockle is the best known. It is familiar to us in the form of its shells cast up on the beach, and it is equally familiar to us in the streets of our great cities, and in the fishmongers' shops as well. Some little time ago, duty took me to Boston, in Lincolnshire, and there I discovered that the "Boston Cockle" had obtained a very considerable share of fame as a food-mollusc. Indeed, an industry of large proportions has sprung up at Boston through the demand which has arisen for the shell-fish as a food-delicacy, especially in the West of England. Of this more anon, however, for it behoves us first of all to glance at the cockle itself as an object of zoological interest.

A zoologist defines the cockle (whereof the family name is *Cardium*) as possessing globose, heart-shaped shells. When the shell is seen from the side, as represented in the drawing (the work of Mr. Pilcher, of Boston), the latter epithet is, undoubtedly, to be regarded as well deserved. It is clear that the heart-shape of shell has given to the cockle its scientific name, from *cor*, the heart; and as the familiar cockle is called the *Cardium edule*, it becomes clear that its excellence as an article of diet has not been lost sight of in naming the familiar species. The valves or halves of the shell are about equal in size, and the beaks or points of the valves are rolled in towards each other. Where the valves are joined by the hinge, we find four little teeth on each shell, interlocking so as to form a secure attachment. Outside, as everybody knows, the shells are marked with distinct ribs, between which we see deep furrows, that radiate from the beak to the edge of the shell. A living or recently dead cockle may be seen to possess outside the shell a band, or ligament, which stretches across the hinge-line. The use of this ligament is highly curious. It exists in all shell-fish of the cockle, oyster, mussel, and clam tribes. The ligament is so arranged that, when the shell is closed by the powerful muscles of the animal, it (the ligament) is put on the stretch. If, therefore, the cockle relaxes the muscles which close the shell, the elasticity of the stretched ligament serves to open it—just, indeed, as an elastic band which was stretched between a shut door and the door-post would draw open the door when the handle was turned. This is one of Dame Nature's "dodges" to save the cockle double work in opening and shutting its shell; for, while the closure of the shell (not often required, by the way) is a piece of muscular work, and therefore involving vital wear-and-tear, the opening of the shell is merely a mechanical action, depending on the elasticity of the ligament. Something of the same economy of life is seen in our own breathing arrangements. We breathe in by muscular effort, but we breathe out simply by the elastic recoil of the chest-walls.

A dissected cockle is, on the whole, a wonderful piece of natural mechanism. The great "foot" attracts our notice. It is large and cylindrical, and exhibits an elbow-like bend about its middle. This powerful muscular organ is the cockle's great defence and means of movement. It lives in the sand at

a fair depth, coming up to the surface, doubtless, at high water. When the tide recedes, our cockle retires into private life. It uses its bent foot as a kind of hook, and by contracting the foot, after fixing its top in the sand, draws itself downwards. Repeating this process, the cockle soon contrives to bury itself deep in the beach. There, also, it exhibits acrobatic faculties in the way of leaping, by aid of this same foot. It has been known to leap clean over the side of a boat from the boards in the bottom, using the foot as a literal



COCKLE-GATHERING.

leaping-pole. In its leaping motions the foot is partially bent and pressed against the surface on which the animal lies. Then it suddenly stiffens the foot by a sharp muscular contraction, and thus imparts a spring to the shell, which has the effect of literally lifting the cockle into the air, and of projecting it for a yard or two at least. Our second illustration shows the Boston cockle-gatherers at work on the cockle-beds, which are dry at low water. The men use a big rake to disinter the cockles, but I make bold to say that many a mollusc, hearing the disturbance (for cockles have ears), must escape by burrowing downwards into a safer depth.

Our cockle possesses a full complement of digestive organs,



BOILING COCKLES.

including a big liver, a stomach, and intestine. It has a heart and blood-vessels, and a very well-developed nervous system. From an economic or gastronomic point of view, this full supply of organs renders the cockle all the more desirable as an article of food. Gathered at Boston, as we have seen, the cockles are next taken to the cockle-merchant's emporium. The first process to which they are therein subjected is that of boiling in big coppers, as shown in Mr. Pilcher's third Sketch. Thus killed and cooked, the shells gape open widely. Then succeeds the process of "riddling" them

through sieves so that the bodies fall through, while the shells remain. They are next thoroughly washed, and are finally packed in salt. Conveyed in bags to the railway, Boston sends off its cockles in thousands to the West of England, and especially to the coal districts of South Wales, where they are regarded as high delicacies. Even Weston-super-Mare receives its own supply of Boston cockles; and Wiltshire likewise knows them well. Such is the history of a "Boston cockle." It would, in truth, be a still more curious tale if one could have traced the animal from the egg, through its development, and onwards to full growth. But these are matters of deeper science, and for the present we must rest content with the later life of the familiar shell-fish. ANDREW WILSON.



RIDDLING COCKLES.

Mr. Lincoln, the American Minister, sailed on Oct. 30 in the steam-ship City of New York for the United States. He returns to London early next year.

The official notification that a Charter of Incorporation for Chatham had been granted has been received by Mr. F. F. Stigant, clerk to the Chatham Board of Health.—At the last meeting of the Chatham Court Leet, the present and last High Constable, Mr. H. J. Brown, was presented with a silver cradle, he having had a son born during his term of office.

There was a long discussion on the question of the collection and remission of fees at a recent meeting of the London School Board. A resolution on the subject was met by an amendment, and ultimately both motion and amendment were rejected by a majority of one. The legal work of the Board was also debated. In the end it was decided that the Board should employ its own solicitor at a fixed inclusive charge, and that the necessary notice be given to Messrs. Gedge and Co., the acting solicitors, to terminate their engagement. Several ex-pupil teachers were awarded exhibitions.

We learn from the Dublin correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* that women students have been distinguishing themselves at the Royal University, Ireland. The degree of Bachelor of Arts has been conferred on nine ladies. Miss Frances Helena Gray received the degree of LL.D., Miss Maud Joynt obtained the degree of M.A., with first-class honours in modern literature. The first-class scholarship in modern literature was awarded to Miss Agnes Chapman, Victoria College, Belfast; and the second to Miss Mabel Joynt, Alexandra College, Dublin; the studentship of £100 a year for three years in experimental science was also awarded to a lady, Miss Mary Robertson, M.A. For all these prizes the lady students competed with the men on equal terms, and on the same papers.

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Plain Dress Cloths, in every shade, from 1s. 6d. to 6s. 11d. per yard.

Velveteens in fifty new colourings, 2s., 2s. 11d., and 3s. 11d. per yard.

West of England Serges, exceptional value.

160 Silk Dinner Dresses, rich combinations, from Six Guineas.

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1000 Autumn Jackets, black and all fashionable colours, plain, braided, and trimmed. Furs, 31s. 6d. to Ten Guineas.

650 Plush, Silk, and Cloth Mantles, Three to Fifteen Guineas.

500 Travelling Mantles and Ulsters, in Tweeds and Plain and Brocaded Cloths, Two to Ten Guineas.

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In the political world Home Rule means negotiable ballast. "In the sanitary world it means in the whole Metropolis upwards of 20,000 lives are still yearly sacrificed, and in the whole of the United Kingdom upwards of 100,000 fall victims to gross causes which are preventable. . . . England pays not less than £24,000,000 per annum (that is to say, about three times the amount of poor rates) in consequence of those diseases which the science of Hygiene teaches how to avoid (and which may be prevented)." —CHADWICK.

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WHAT MIND CAN GRASP THE LOSS TO MANKIND and the misery entailed that these figures reveal? What dashes to the earth so many hopes, breaks so many sweet alliances, blasts so many auspicious enterprises, as untimely death! to say nothing of the immense increase of rates and taxes arising from the loss of the bread-winners of families?

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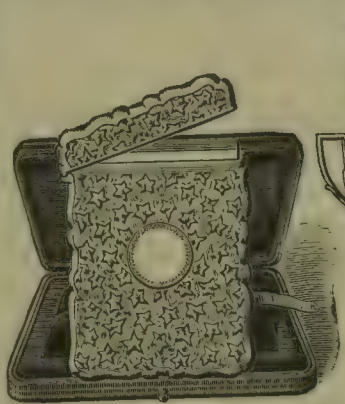
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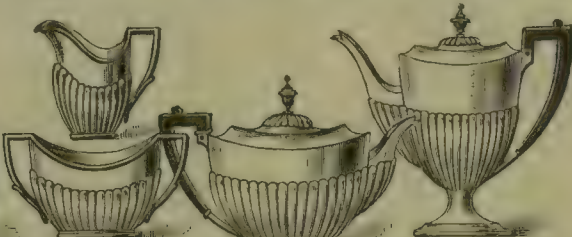
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 13, 1888) of Mr. Francis Baring Short, J.P., late of Bickham, Devon, who died on Sept. 18, was proved on Oct. 22 by Francis Albert Short, the son, and Samborne Stukeley Palmer Samborne, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £123,000. The testator leaves £3000, upon trust, for each of his daughters Mrs. Charlotte Walsh and Mrs. Lucy Samborne; £8000 to his daughter Julia Short; an estate called Soldridge, Bovey Tracey, Devon, which he became entitled to under the marriage settlement of his late sister Mrs. Frances Tucker, to her husband, Marwood Tucker, for life, and then to his said son, Francis Albert Short; the trust funds which he became entitled to under the same settlement, upon trust, for the said Marwood Tucker, for life, and then for all his (testator's) children, except his son, Francis Albert; £100 to his son-in-law and executor, Mr. S. S. P. Samborne; £20 to Richard Sleeman; and he directs mourning to be provided for his domestic servants and the workmen on his farm. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his son, the said Francis Albert Short.

The Scotch Confirmation of the trust disposition and settlement (dated March 9, 1859), with forty-nine codicils, of Sir George Burns, Bart., late of Wemyss House, Renfrewshire, who died on June 2 last, granted to Sir John Burns, Bart., and James Cleland Burns, the sons, and John Burns MacBrayne, George Arbuthnot Burns, and James Cleland Burns, the grandsons, the executors-nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 27, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £91,000; this sum is exclusive of property and funds settled by Sir George during his lifetime.

The will (dated July 30, 1887) of Mr. Charles Furber, late of Stanhope House, 6, Upper Hamilton-terrace, St. John's Wood, who died on Aug. 29 last, at Sundridge, Kent, was proved on Oct. 25 by Thomas Hopkins, William Furber, the son, and Mrs. Emily Darell Louisa Furber, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £74,000. The testator bequeaths £50 to each of his executors; his wines and consumable stores, and £500, to his wife; and his furniture, plate, pictures, books, and household effects to his wife, for life or widowhood. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay £100 per annum to each of his children by his present and former marriage during the life of his wife; and the remainder of the income of his residuary estate to his wife, for life. On the death of his wife, he settles a freehold house in Oxford-street on his daughter Charlotte Elizabeth Priscilla; a freehold house in St. James's-place on each of his daughters Emily May Victoria and Ida Olivia Annie; and bequeaths £4000 to the children of his former marriage. The ultimate residue he gives to all his sons, whether by his present or former marriage.

The will (dated March 29, 1882) of Edward FitzRoy Talbot, Esq., late of 15, Upper Berkeley-street, London, W., was proved on Oct. 29 by his nephews, Charles William Talbot Ponsonby, FitzRoy Augustus Talbot Clayton, and Henry Charles Talbot, Esqs., the executors, to whom, and his niece, Mrs. Fanny Charlotte Emma McNeill, the testator bequeathed all his real and personal estate, subject to certain small specific and pecuniary legacies. The gross value of the personal estate has been sworn not to exceed £65,165 18s. 9d.

The will (dated July 13, 1888), with a codicil (dated Sept. 13, 1890), of Mrs. Alice Emily Adams, wife of the Rev.

Edward Aurelius Adams, late of St. John's Vicarage, Meads, Eastbourne, who died on Sept. 23, was proved on Oct. 22 by Frederick Brodie and Septimus William Sibley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000, upon trust, for her brother Alexander James Carden, for life, and then for all his children, except James; £200 to her brother Sir Frederick Walter Carden, to purchase a remembrance of her; her furniture, plate, pictures, books, and household effects to her husband; all her New Consolidated Stock, upon trust, for her husband, for life; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her property she leaves, upon trust, as to one third for each of her sisters, Edith Georgiana Carden, Clara Fanny Sibley, and Ada Blanche Brodie.

The will (dated July 16, 1886) of Colonel Luke Henry Hansard, J.P., of the Middle Temple, barrister-at-law, late of Palmeira-square, Brighton, who died on Sept. 19, was proved on Oct. 18 by Mrs. Georgiana Hansard, the widow, Captain Arthur Clifton Hansard, the son, and the Rev. Beilby Porteus Oakes, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £21,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his executor, the Rev. B. P. Oakes; his household furniture, plate, pictures, effects, horses and carriages to his wife; and £10,000 to his son, Arthur Clifton Hansard. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life; then to his daughter, Edith Louise, for life; and then for her children.

The will (dated April 14, 1886), with a codicil (dated March 3, 1888), of Mrs. Kate Brace, late of Heron Lodge, Worcester, who died on Sept. 7, was proved on Oct. 20 by Captain George Asser White Welch, R.N., the Rev. Henry

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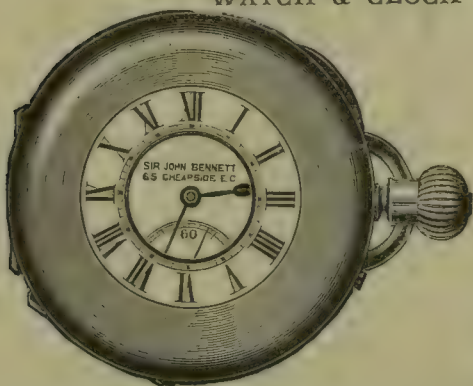
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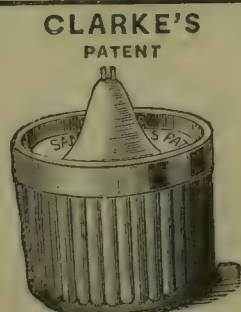
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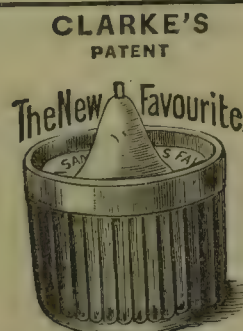
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Mitford Faber, and William Wallace Gabriel, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £18,000. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to George Brace Colt, Edith Georgiana Colt, Maud Isabel Colt, Harry Shapland Colt, and Mrs. Florence Ellen Faber; £1000 to Miss Alice Ann Howlett; and numerous legacies, pecuniary and specific, to relatives, servants, and others. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves between the said Edith Georgiana Colt and Mrs. Florence Ellen Faber.

The Irish Probate, granted at Kilkenny, of the will and codicils of the Right Hon. Arthur Kavanagh, P.C. Ireland, J.P., Lord Lieutenant of the county of Carlow, M.P. 1866-80, late of Borris House, in the county of Carlow, who died on Dec. 25 last, to Mrs. Frances Mary Kavanagh, the widow, Walter McMurrough Kavanagh, the son, and James Henry Stock, the executors, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £17,000. The testator confirms the settlement made on his wife; and bequeaths certain books, plate, jewellery, furniture and effects to his wife, for life, and then to go, as heirs, with Borris House. He makes provision for his two younger sons, Charles Toler and Osborne; his daughters having been provided for on their respective marriages. All his real estate he settles upon his son Walter, and gives him the residue of his personal estate.

The will of the Right Hon. Harry, Earl of Stamford, late of Wynberg, Cape of Good Hope, who died on June 19 last, was proved in London on Oct. 10 by Edward John Moore, the executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3599.

The will of the Right Hon. Gertrude, Countess Amherst, late of 32, Rutland-gate, South Kensington, who died on

April 27 last, was proved on Oct. 27 by Earl Amherst, the son, and Lady Margaret Catherine Amherst, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1759.

The Queen has approved the nomination of the Very Rev. John James Stewart Perowne, D.D., Dean of Peterborough, as successor to the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Worcester, upon his resignation of that diocese; and of the Rev. Canon Newbolt, Principal of Ely Theological College, to be Canon of St. Paul's, in the room of the late Rev. Canon Liddon, D.D.

The Royal Female School of Art (Queen-square, Bloomsbury) has participated as much as other more modern institutions in the progress made in art studies during the last ten years. Originally established as far back as 1842, when the first attempt was made to found schools of design, it has steadily progressed in scope and usefulness. Under the able direction of Miss Gann and her colleagues, its annual exhibitions of students' work have become each year more attractive, and the pictures and drawings recently shown bear witness to the high level of work maintained. The Queen's gold medal was carried off by Miss Helena M. Evans's water-colour, the Queen's Scholarship (£60) by Miss Ida Kirkpatrick, the Gilchrist (£50) was divided between Miss Florence M. Hodges and Miss R. C. Whitehead, and the other numerous prizes and scholarships were honestly won by the various competitors. One branch of the Female School of Art which deserves especial notice is the Studio for Chromolithography, which affords means of support to a considerable number of artists—the whole of the process of transferring original pictures or of copying selected works being done on the premises. It may be

mentioned that the "Flower Study," selected this year for publication by the Art for Schools Association, was made by one of the pupils of the Female School of Art, and that the whole process of colour-printing has been also carried out in its studio.

The Board of Trade have awarded a Silver Shipwreck Medal and a sum of money to each of the following persons: Cirio Romeo, Vincent Brancaccio, Gaetano Sposito, Gennaro Olivieri, Giuseppe Magliulo, Salvatore Buonamano, and Victor Soquet, in recognition of their gallantry and humanity in saving life on the occasion of the wreck of the British steam-ship Minerva, at Nessida, Algiers, on July 13 last. The Board have received, through the Foreign Office, the undermentioned rewards, which have been granted by the German Government to the master and crew of the steam-ship Stag, of North Shields, in recognition of their services to the Bremen ship Shakspeare, when in distress at sea, in December 1889—namely, a gold watch to Mr. David Munro, master; a binocular-glass each to H. G. W. Hansen, mate, and P. J. Noell, second mate; a sum of £7 to A. Grieves, steward; and sums of £5 each to Thomas Seymour, N. P. Zerman, and J. A. Johansen, seamen, and George Nimmo, cook. Also the undermentioned rewards, which have been awarded by the German Government to the master and crew of the steam-ship Laurestina, of North Shields, in recognition of their services to the shipwrecked crew of the Papenburg ship Norddeutsche Seewarte, in January 1888—namely, a gold watch to Mr. Robert Batly, master; a binocular-glass to S. Hansen, mate; a sum of £7 10s. to Alexander Hay, boatswain; and sums of £5 each to J. Mouat, Edward Best, Hugo Anderson, and Algernon E. Walters, seamen.

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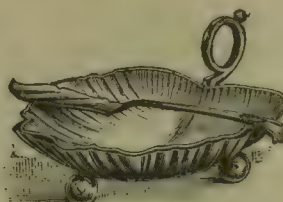
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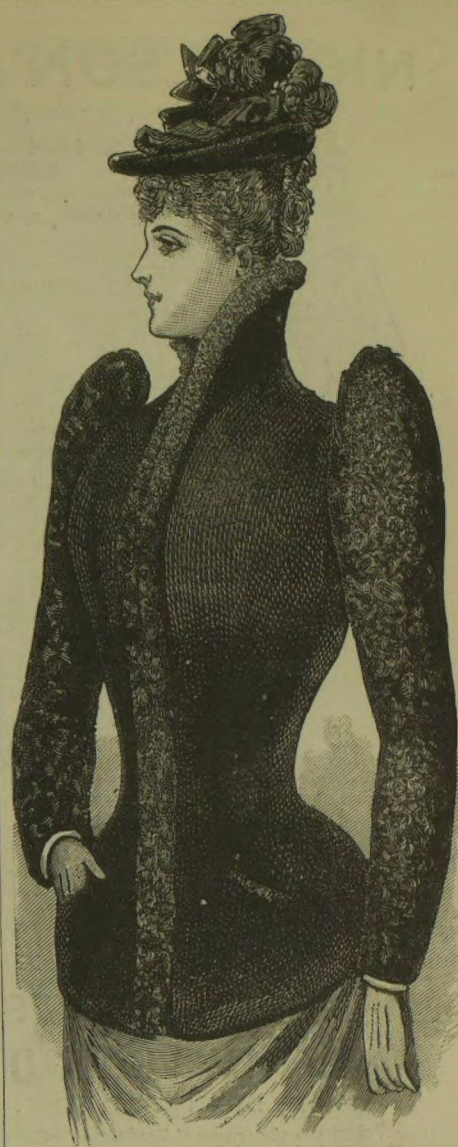
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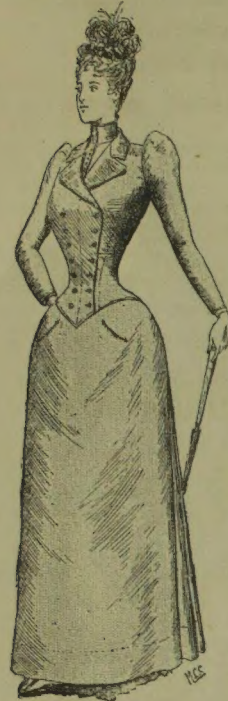
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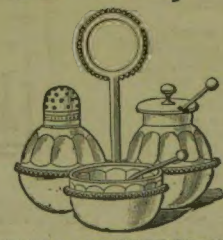
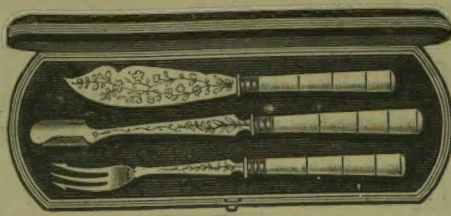
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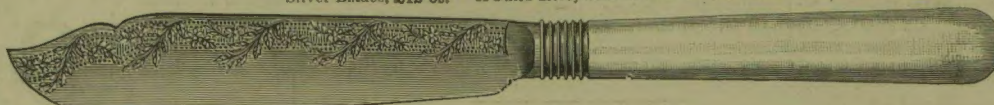
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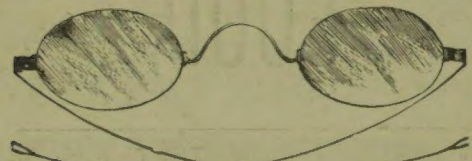
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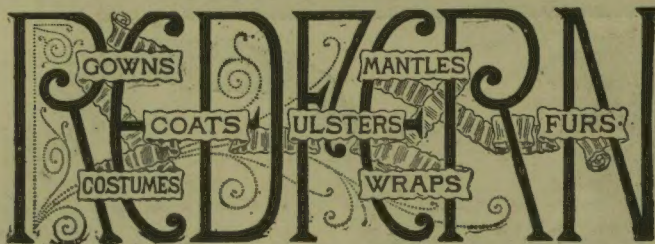
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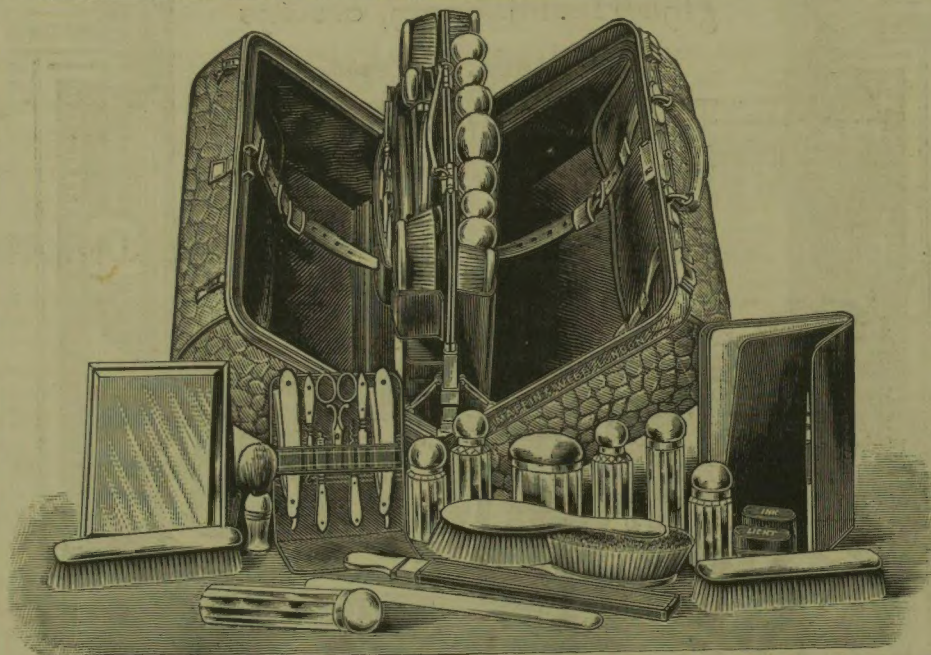


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